THE

Wary Widdow:

OR,

Sir Noisy Parrat.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL.

By their MAJESTIES Servants.

Written by *Henry Higden* Esq.

Lectori Credere mallem
Quam Spectatoris fastidia ferre Superbi.

LONDON,

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir *Wordly Fox.*— An *Oliverian* Colonel, a cunning griping Sharper: a Widdower, but privately keeps a Miſtreſs.

Franck Fox.— His Son, a noble generous Perſon, who unknowingly has for ſome time converſt with his Fathers Miſtreſs under a falſe Name.

Sir *Noiſy Parrat.*— A prating whimſical Fool a great admirer of the Town.

Jack Scaredevil a Bravo.— } Two Sparks of the Town, return'd from { Land. Sea.
Tom Fulham a Gameſter.— }

Plot.— A Servant to Sir *Worldly*, but privatly a Freind to *Franck*; with whom he holds intelligence and is bound with him for his Debts.

Freindly.— An honeſt honourable Gentleman, a Freind and Relation to *Franck*, and in love with *Clarinda*.

WOMEN.

Lady *Wary.*— A Young rich diſcrete Widdow, and Siſter to *Freindly*, bred up with *Clarinda*.

Clarinda.— Daughter to Sir *Worldly Fox.*

Leonora.— A Miſtreſs kept by Sir *Worldly*, having for ſome time had an Intrigue with *Franck* under a falſe Name.

Her *Aunt.*— Who brought up *Leonora*, and for Avarice expos'd her to Sir *Worldly*; yet forced by *Leonora* to conceale her Intrigue with *Franck*.

Lady *Wary*'s Maid. *Clarinda*'s Maid, and Nurſe.
A Woman Servant to Sir *Wordly*.

A Leiutenant, Seamen, their Wives, Fidlers *&c.*

To

To the right Honourable the Earl of *Dorſet* and *Middleſex*, Lord Chamberlain of their Majeſties Houſhold, and Knight of the moſt Honourable Order of the Garter.

My LORD,

WHen I had the Honour to preſent this COMEDY to your Lordſhips peruſall I deſigned it as an acknowledgment, or rather as my firſt Fruits in the Dramatic way for the many Favours your Lordſhip had conferr'd upon me. But now it is forced to beg your Protection from the malice and ſevere uſage it receiv'd from ſome of my Ill natured Freinds, who with a Juſtice peculiar to themſelves, paſſed ſentence upon it unſeen or heard and at the repreſentation made it their buſineſs to perſecute it with a barbarous variety of Noiſe and Tumult, that many of the well meaning Spectatours (for I am ſure it had very few Hearers) muſt conclude it a very Criminall performance. As I ſhould never have been vaine enough to have valued my ſelf upon the opinion of ſuch weake Judges, ſo I am not much mortified at my falling under their Indignation. But tho' I can eaſily forgive ſuch an ungenerous way of proceedure in relation to my ſelf, who never expected to ſubſiſt by the Stage; Yet it is a precedent of dangerous conſequence, and may happen to fall very ſeverely upon thoſe Gentlemen whoſe ill fortune or Genius ſhall lead them to attempt this ſort of writing. An unrighteous Faction may be formed againſt the Faſteſt, and moſt regular Compoſition; and no man is ſafe if theſe Gentlemen (whom we muſt allow good Criticks in dreſſing) ſhall aſſume to vent their ill grounded Fury, and ſpet their venome upon every Authour that en-

deavours to divert them. At the ſame time 'tis my comfort that better Plays have met with the like fate from unthinking imcompetent Judges: And without vanity ſeveral of a meaner Caracter have found a reception they never merited.

'Tis this Reflexion has ſomewhat releiv'd me under the late miſcarryage of my Play and is a ſenſible ſatisfaction to me that your Lordſhip (who is acknowledg'd by all Parties for the moſt correct and Judicious writer, the trueſt Judge, and the moſt diſintereſted Partron; to be the delight, the ornament, and ſupport of our Age) has been pleaſed to peruſe and approve it. Your ſingle Suffrage weighs more with me, and the thinking part of mankind, then the repeated acclamations of a numerous aſſembly.

My LORD, *Should I vainly preſume to diſcribe every inherent and particular Grace, that ſhines in the conſtellation of your Lordſhips Virtue: or enumerate thoſe rare qualifications that have rendred your Lordſhip ſo univerſally Eſteemed, belov'd and admir'd, both at home and abroad; I ſhould looſe my ſelf in the Rapture and Contemplation. But your Lordſhip has already receiv'd incenſe from happyer hands but from none that has a profounder honour for your Lordſhip, then*

My LORD,

Your Lordſhips moſt humble

moſt Obedient and moſt

Faithful Servant.

Henry Higden.

THE PREFACE.

THis Play had the misfortune to come very unluckily on the Stage, where it found very few Freinds: Their prejudice had decree'd it ſhould ſuffer under their Indignation, and before it was off the Stocks, had predeſtin'd it to Damnation. Their kindneſs being greater for the preceding Play, reſolved they would ſee no ſin in their Favourite *Jacob*, but expoſe their unfortunate *Eſau* to Reprobation, without the leaſt hopes of a Bleſſing. The Theatre was by Faction transformed into a Bear-Garden, hiſſing, mimicking, ridiculing, and Cat-calling; the Actours could not ſupport themſelves againſt ſo ſtrong a Currant. And if any came with a deſigne to be diverted, they were diſtracted with the variety of Noyſes, and continual uproars; they could neither hear, nor Judge of the matter: Had any of the Ancient Romans reviv'd to have been witneſs to this Interlude, this medly *of Noiſes*; they would certainly conclude the Moon was labouring under ſome diſmal Eclypſe, and the Pagans of the Pit were endeavouring to recover her out of her Trance with this horrid din. The diſtracted Players were ſtunn'd with their clamours, and though they had often ſtood the ſhock of Thunder and Lightning on the Stage, yet now they found themſelves confounded in this real Tempeſt: They fancyed the Scene had been Tranſlated into *Sicily* and the Earth had gaped to ſwallow theſe Grumbletonians, like the murmuring *Iſraelites* of old. Some dark Sons of uncertain Fathers, infinitely diverted themſelves with their melodious Cat-calls, theſe Sons of *Zeruiah* vanquiſhed the Stage, back'd with the untuneable brayings of *Balaams* Aſſe that joyned in this diſmal conſort: In this diſtraction we may ſafely conclude the Audience were wholly ſtrangers to the Plot and conduct of the Play. And therefore it will be reaſonable they ſhould now read for their money what in the Action they could neither Hear nor Underſtand.

I am not Ignorant a juſt Cauſe may ſuffer under the prejudice of an *Ignoramus Jury*, or an unjuſt Judge may ſtop his Ears againſt the voice of the Charmer, and harden his heart to the ſevereſt Judgment; or that an incenſed *Mob* may be wrought up to break thro' all Laws, and commit the higheſt outrages, and Barbarities. But after the fury of their military Execution is over they may relent of their rigour, aud have ſome reſerve of compaſſion for the unfortunate Martyr, that ſuffered their indignities with all conſtancy and Patience. Had our unlucky Authour been worthy to have known they were abſolutly bent to damn his Play, unſight unſeen, his caution would have withdrawn him from the Thunder of their diſpleaſure. But now we are convinc'd by the ſurpriſing ſucceſs of the Baudy Batchelour, that the niceſt Ladies

dies may be brought (by good mannagment) to ſtand the fire of a ſmutty Jeſt, and never flintch for the matter. They are the ſenſible Judges that family duties can not proceed without the creature comfort: Nor Nature be well inſtructed without the help of a feskue. Theſe Camelion Ladies cannot like the Spaniſh Jennets conceive by the ayr, or grow big with ſuch a Timpany.

Tanquam conjugibus ſuis Mariti,
Non poſſunt ſine Mentula placere.
What S.t can thinke to pleaſe a Beauty,
That wants wherewith to do his duty.

But I muſt beg the Ladies pardon that I introduce a Forreign Tongue, that can make uſe of their Mothers to a better advantage, but in a Preface it is neceſſary to ſprinkle a little Latin, to ſhew our Breeding. The Authours are now convinc'd the Batchelour has touch'd upon the true ſtring, to pleaſe and tickle: They are now grown more generous then to deny their ſentiments and Inclinations, and ſcorn any ſuch baſhfull pretence, but openly avow and countenance that Poet, that ſeaſons his Scenes with ſalt and good humour, to pleaſe the hant-gouſts of their fancies: and make their Eares glow with licentious Farce, which they are reſolv'd to ſtand by and juſtify: What though the Plots are old, and ſtale, they are ſo prettily jumbled and blended together they can never fail of being well receiv'd. Tho ſome nicer Ladies are of an opinion, that an impure Idea, that is obſcene in the firſt conception (though never ſo cleanly wrapt up) can no way be made paſſable: But theſe are ſqueamiſh pallats that ſtrain at a gnat in publick, and after make no bones of a Camel on occaſion. What does it import if *Parſon Spintext* have a wicked deſign on the Alderman's wife? What harm was it if his agreable Impudence revenged the City cheats upon the Aldermans head, and exalted his horns above the reſt of his Brethren? There cannot be a taking Play without ſome Limberham or fumbling Alderman, or keeper to expoſe. let the fair Gilt ingage her Gallant like a Spider in her own cobweb, before her poor Nickapoops face, unbar the ſluces, that her kindneſs may run down in a mighty ſtream; let the lightning of Courtſhip melt his Daughters maidenhead in the ſcaboard, or chopping of that *Hidra*'s Head of barren Virginity, let twins ſprout up in their ſtead and let the Family of love be propigated quite through the City.

But hold, it is not reaſonable for me to ramble into theſe pleaſant forbiden paths, but ſay ſomething beſuteing this poor Brat I muſt now turn a drift into the World in melancholly weeds.

Vade ſed incultus qualem decet exulis eſſe,
Infelix habitum temporis hujus habe.
Go on adorn'd thou curſt abandon'd Play,
Let luckier Authours, court a happyer day.

I may

I may well say *Unadorn'd*, for there was nothing done for the advantage or decoration of this Play: not a farthing expended. When I had given them leave to Act it, I was told it was theirs, and they would Cooke it according to their own humour. Some of the *Politick would be* of the Coffee-house had given it an ill Name and Caracter and were glad to see it succeed accordingly. The Songs designed were never set by omission or combination: The Master of the Revells had expunged what he pleas'd, least forsooth it should prove Bawdy or give offence, thereby making the sense imperfect, which the Actours would not let me mend or supply; though now I submit it, to your Judgment as I first design'd it. The Actours cut out what they pleased to shorten their parts according to their own humours, and I must stand by and see it mutilated and dismembred before my Face: When it appear'd on the Stage, it was but an imperfect Rehearsall, for some could never repeat their parts, and therefore impossible they could Act them: Some were perfect and could have done it right, if others had been able to have play'd their parts up to them. I shall conclude with the words of *Martiall.*

Quem recitas meus est Fidentine libellus
Sed male cum recitas incipit esse tuus.
What you rehearse I writt to please the Town,
But while you Act it Ill; 'tis all your own.

To the Authour of Sir *Noisy Parrat*: Or, the Wary Widdow.

WHY didst thou write in such a tasteless Age,
When Boys *and* Coxcombs *influence the Stage?*
With Kindred Farce *they're linkd in a strict tye,*
And against Wit *unite their noisy Cry.*
Thy Reputation the vile Herd *alarm'd,*
And Whores *and* Sots *against thy Play soon arm'd.*
Some knew their Guilt, and therefore fear'd thy Wit.
And one Fool touch'd engages the whole Pit.
Confederate Fops *in loud Conjunction sit*
With Bully, Pimp, *grave* Bawd, *and angry* Miss
And all as for one common *Interest Hiss.*
Strong painted Satyr con'd expect no less.
You must write duller, if you'd have success:
Lay Physick by, and humour the disease,
For dry insipid Farce *will only please.*

Caryl Worsly *Esq.* *Her-*

Henrico Higden Suo.

Quòd inquietâ voce, risu, Sibilis
Saléſque comptos, & innoxios jocos
Superba Bruti *turba ſic exceperit:*
Quòd purpuratus Infans, & vecors Eques,
Summóque Meretrix in ſubſellio ſedens,
Totúſque Delicatulorum Circulus
In te, tuumque conjuraverint Opus:
Nolito queſtus irritos effundere,
Damnare Muſas, *increpare Apollinem,*
Tanquam Poetæ inſerviant parùm ſuo.
Quin Drama tandem luce donans publicâ
Inviſis orbem? Quin timoris tuſcius
Vanas Maligniorum deſpicis minas?
Abundè damnum ſic reſarcies prius,
Famæque conſules. Lector dabit libens,
Quod improbus Spectator abnegaverat.

Tho. Brown.

To his Freind Mr. *Higden.*

Upon the uncertainty of ſucceſs in the DRAMA.

Let Men of Senſe give ore th' uncertain game
Where Wits with Fools at hazard play for fame,
Upon the Square you may throw out a Nick,
Therefore wiſe Gameſters have recourſe to trick;
And by Caball Squires, Ladies, Beaus, and Bullies,
Are joyntly mannag'd and drawn in for Cullies.
The worſt of Cullies, others looſe their pence,
But theſe are chows'd even of their Common Senſe.
What Scribling Slave for ſuch an Age wou'd drudge?
Who would write well when moſt ſo lewdly judge?
The Sovereign Mob decides the cauſe of wit;
For mob includes the univerſal Fit.
Yet he who writes with Spirit muſt contemn
Thoſe Magiſtrates who by chance votes condemn:

As

As in ſome Foreign, little, wretched State,
The Burghers Tyrants are, and Laws create;
At preciſe times leave Cheating in their Shops,
And on the Bench turn legiſlative Fops;
So Sots at home bubled by Friends and Spouſes,
Abroad are Sovereign Judges of both houſes:
And an aſſembly which conſiſts of Fools,
Without controul in Wits Dominions rules.
But as when Beaſts by Brutal luſt are Joyn'd,
They but arrive to propagate their kind,
So let ten Thouſand fools to voting fall,
Folly will ſtill be the reſult of all.

J. D.

To Mr. *Higden.*

NO longer your expected Play conceal,
But to a more impartial Court appeal.
The righteous Few, true to the Cauſe of Wit,
Will ſoon reverſe the Sentence of the Pit.
Why ſhould their Cenſure men of Senſe alarm?
Thoſe Sons of Muggleton can do no harm.
E'en let the Foplings ſave their nauſeous breath,
For they have neither power of life, nor Death;
The wit, which oft their feeble malice dooms,
Outlives its Judges, nay outlaſts their tombs.
Once t'was my chance to viſit a ſick Friend,
Whom dire foreboding Omens did attend,
His Doctor tells him, Sir your hour is nigh,
Send for the Parſon and prepare to dye,
In vain the help of Phyſick you implore,
Art has been try'd, but art can do no more.
At this the angry Patient rais'd his head,
And Doctor do you then conclude me dead?
Peace you grave Sot: elſewhere your Cant beſtow,
I'll bury half the Colledge ere I goe,
And ſpite of that learn'd Phyz, and reverend beard,
Will live to ſee your Raſcalſhip interr'd.
Thus he ran on, and as his Stars decree'd,
Wae ſoon from his unkind diſtemper free'd,
Left his vain gaping kindred in the lurch,
And ſaw the Velvet Fop born decently to Church.

On Mr. *Higdens* Comedy

BY ſenſleſs, Faction, and a noiſy Pit,
Our honeſt Poet's damn'd for want of wit,
Not in himſelf he has enough I ſwear
But ſuffers for it in his Auditor.
Elſe why ſhould he, were that defect his Crime,
Fare worſe then all his Brethren of the time?
From Spawn of Wills *thoſe wits of future Tenſe,*
He now appeals to men of riper ſenſe:
And hopes to find ſome ſhelter from the wrath
Of furious Criticks of implicit Faith.
Whoſe judgements always ebb, but zeal flows high,
Who for there truth upon the Church rely.
Wills *is the Mother Church. From thence their Creed*
And as that cenſures, Poets muſt Succeed,
Here the great Patriarch of Parnaſſus *ſits,*
And grants his Bulls to the Subordinate Wits.
From this hot Bed, with Foplings we're oppreſt
That crowd the Boxes and the Pit infeſt.
Who their great Maſters falling ſpitle they lick,
And at the neighb'ring Playhouſe judge on tick,
Thus have I ſeen from ſome decaying Oak,
A numerous Toad-ſtool brood, his moiſture ſuck
And as the Reverend Log his verdure ſheds,
The fungous off-ſpring flouriſhes and ſpreads.
'Tis true a Legion of young Criticks may,
If ſo reſolv'd, with Cat-calls damn a play:
Who doubts their power? tho' had he us'd his throat
Each Aß among them own'd a lowder note.
Well! let theſe ſucking wits their whiſtles have,
Set off with Silver Bells, and Coral brave.
Let carefull Mother rub each tender gumm,
And make way for Satiric teeth to come.
Full grown they may with their own weapons fight,
They can already hiß, in time they'l learn to bite.

F. P.

To

To his Freind Mr. *Higden.*

FReind Harry, *ſome Squeamiſh pretenders to thinking.*
Say thy Play is incumber'd with eating and drinking.
That too oft in all Conſcience thy Table's brought out,
And unmercifull healths fly like Hail-ſhot about.
Such a merry Objection who ere con'd expect
That does on the Town or its pleaſures reflect?
Is a Treat and a Bottle grown quite out of faſhion,
Or have the ſpruce Beaus *found a new recreation?*
At a Tavern I'm certain they ſeldom find fault,
When Flask after Flask in due order is brought:
Why then ſhould the Fops be ſo monſtrous incivil,
As to damn at a Play what they like at the Devil?
When to Moloc *of old by way of Oblation,*
Croſs Dad of his Child did make a donation;
With Drums and with Trumpets the Preiſt made a Noiſe,
To ſtifle his groans, and extinguiſh his crys,
So our modern ill-natur'd young Jews *of the Pit*
When to damn a poor Author's attempt they think fit,
With a Conſort of Cat-calls the Houſe they alarm,
Leaſt the wit of the Play, ſhould their fury diſarm.
How'er they may paſs with the reſt of the Nation,
Tho' their malice I blame, I commend their diſcretion.
For 'tis but convenient, you'l readily own,
That the Beaſt ſhould perform, what the man would diſown.

Tho. Palmer.

PROLOGUE.

The Prologue.

Written by Sir *Charles Sydley*.

ENvy and Faction rule this grumbling Age,
The State they cannot, but they ſhake the Stage,
This barren trade ſome would engroſs, ſtill hopeing
From our poor Port, to baniſh Interloping:
And like the plodding Lawyers, take great care
To elbow blooming merit, from the Bar:
In every Age there were a ſort of Men
As you do now, damn'd all was written then.
Thouſands before 'em leſs provok'd their Pride
Then one poor rivall ſtraining by their ſide,
Such vermin Critticks we expect to find,
For Nature knows not how to looſe a kind
The ſtinking Poll Cat, nor the Mole that's Blind.
But againſt old as well as new to rage,
Is the peculiar Phrenſy of this Age.
Shackſpear muſt down, and you muſt praiſe no more
Soft *Deſdemona*, nor the Jealous *Moor*:
Shackſpear whoſe fruitfull Genius, happy Wit
Was fram'd and finiſht at a lueky hit
The Pride of Nature, and the ſhame of Schools,
Born to Create, and not to Learn from Rules;
Muſt pleaſe no more, his Baſtards now deride
Their Fathers Nakedneſs they ought to hide,
But when on Spurs their *Pegaſus* they force,
Their Jaded Muſe is diſtanc'd in the Courſe:
All that is now has been before tis true,
But yet the Art, the Faſhion may be new:
Tho' old Materials the large pallace raiſe,
The skillfull Architect deſerves his praiſe.
If nothing pleaſe, you are not nice, but ſick,
'Tis want of ſtomack, ever to diſlike.
On our paſt Poets, petty Juries ſit,
The Living ſink beneath your preſent ſpite,
As if this were the doomſday of all wit.
But *Beaus* and *Ladies* for your ſelves be wiſe
You'l break our Lottery if none draw a Prize
For this one night, do as kind Lovers uſe
Tye up ſtrict Judgement and let fancy looſe.

THE

THE

Wary Widdow:

OR,

Sir Noiſy Parrat.

Act. I.

Scene Covent-Garden.

Enter Scaredevil *in a Fantaſtick habit as juſt return'd from the* French-*Camp.*

Scarede. HOW empty this Town is grown, ſince this unlucky War. I have travers'd the Streets, and have not met with one of my Acquaintance: The Play Houſes are ſilent; the Bowling-Greens abandond; not a Vizor ſtirring in the *Mall*: I have beat it one the Hoof quite thro' the City; Ranſack'd our old quarters, and Rendevouz; and cannot ſtart one Honeſt Fellow to communicate my thoughts with: Nor ſo much as a Whore roving about to pick up Coach hire: Well, if this wicked lewd Town continues under ſo ſtrict a Diſcipline and Reformation, it will be high time to bid adeiu to this ſcene of Sin and Seacoal: And trudge down to my laſt Reſerve of Country Friends, the Topers: There's a ſure Card for good plaine wholſome Eating and Drinking: A change of Rayment for theſe Martiall habiliments, and a Patent, to Spunge the Manufacture of the Nation, Potent Beer: Well— I ſee I muſt turn over a new Leafe; And now I think ont, I have as much Learning as is Neceſſary for a Country Parſon, and ſhall have Wit enough, to accept of A handſome Chambermaid with a fair Living to boot, when my Patron has given her Earneſt for a Son and Heir— and ſaid Grace to the Banquet—

Enter Tom Fulham *in a Ta-pawling habit.*

But ſee kind Fortune has reviv'd me with the ſight of an old Companion. *Tom Fulham* welcome I ſay into our antient Territories and Dominions of *Covent-Garden*—

Ful. My dear Freind, *Jack Scaredevil!* Welcome into my Armes! But the Circumſtance of your Campaign-garb; together with the Circumflex of your Whiskers, had almoſt remov'd you, out of the Landmark of my Remembrance.

Scar. And the roughneſs of your Tarpawling Habit, had almoſt joſled you out of my thoughts: I was wondring what was become of that proper *Beau*, that could not ſtir without a Coach or a Chair at Midnight: Leſt the Dampneſs of an injurious Miſt might put his Wigg out of the Curle: Or the roughneſs of the Wind diſcompoſe it: But I am glad to ſee thee clear come off, Lad.

Ful. Yes faith— I am clear come of and as Lank as a ſhotten herring! I have mew'd all my Feathers, and nothing left to bleſs my ſelf, or pawn for a Reckoning: But prithee, Dear *Jack!* what Booty amongſt the *Bourghers?* what plunder amongſt the *Booxs?* what rich Trophies has thou brought home to Dazle us?

Scar. Juſt as much as you ſee: The Boors fled into Villages and ſecur'd themſelves with a ſafeguard: And the Bourghers were ſtill to nimble for us— They never ſufferd it to come to a Seige but Capitulated before hand; or ſurrendred on the firſt Summons— and very Civilly turnd Tennents to the *French*, who as civilly receiv'd em, paying their old Rents and Cuſtoms: and a new fine into the Bargain. And having March'd us off our Legs, turnd us like Hackneys to Graze in Winter Quarters till the next Spring— But how haſt thou acquir'd this Honourable Mayme, and made a ſhift to halt home a Criple— that the laſt winter couldſt out-run a Legion of Bailiffs? and out ſtrip a Conſtable at the head of the Fleeteſt pack of his Hounds the Watchmen?

Ful. Fortune of the War, an unlucky Splinter in the late Engagement, but tis in a fair way of Recovery——I wiſh I could as ſoon recover my broken Condition: of which this Empty Town gives me but a Mellancholy-Proſpect.

Scar. Come Bully Tarr. Never let us deſpair of good Fortune. Wee that (to the envy of the Sharpers) have like Oyle floated on the Tide of Buſineſs, will not fear to be ſtranded in this low Ebb of affaires: Twas well thy right hand Eſcap'd that unlucky Splinter: which might have diſabled the beſt Artiſt in Chriſtendom: Ah that ſurpriſing Top: that nimble ſide, that dextrous management, that gallop and change, that Legerdemain! that clever Conveyance of the Doctor, can never want while there are Cards, Dice or Quick-Silver ſtirring in this Nation.

Ful. Twas well my carefull Friends gave me ſome breeding.

Scar. Rather give the juſt praiſe to thy own Induſtry: Thy Father was Broke ere thou waſt fit to go to the Hoſpitall— whence thou cam'ſt a Raw-Boy— and hadſt the good Luck to ſtrike in an under Agent to a knowing Gang, and improving the Talent of thy towardly Genius, quickly pickt up a Competent ſtock of Knowledge: and inſight into Men and Manners. Which, with thy Naturall aſſurance bore thee out in all Company.

Ful. But your high Extract *Don Bravo* remaines as obſcure as the Head of the River *Nile*, or the Birren Mountaines, where you were firſt rear'd, and your true name as unknown: I have heard thee anſwer to above a Grand-Jury of Chriſtian Names: And as for Monſeur *Scaredevil*— I ſuppoſe it is your Name of War: gain'd to your immortall Fame by ſome honourable Atchievement. And why may not you be a Herald to your ſelf as well as a Godfather: and derive your pedigeree from what Heroe God or Devill you think fit?

But

But a late curious Antiquary has Search'd deep into your Original. And the first ſtation he trac'd you in, was an under Uſher to a Country Fencing-School: And being quit of that Honourable imployment, you promoted your ſelf a Spunger at a Billiard Table, and for making a Lucky thruſt in a quarrel, wert adopted a Brother of the Blade, where ſometime you flouriſh'd on the Sallary of a Hackny Second to all Comers, without Conſideration of Honour, Quarrell, principle of Friendſhip, or Juſtice, and full as Mercenary as the *Swiſſe*, would throw down your Arms, unleſs the ready *Gelt* were produc'd on the *Spot*, then invading all Companies with wondrous Confidence, you fail'd not upon hard drinking to make ſome advantage of the Reeling Company.

Scar. Well—— thy rallying has ſhown thee a man of Parts: And for thy malice I will recommend thee for one of the Club when they ſit in Conjunction to hatch the next Lampoon: Prithee why ſhou'd thou and I turn Satyriſts on one anothers misfortune? and like hot-braind Diſputants betray the blindneſs of each others Cauſe, to the malitious Cenſure of the by ſtanders? who like ſly Atheiſts will take the Advantage to ridicule us both: let us like the Diſtreſs'd States combine againſt all rich and wealthy Strangers and ſet up for a Pyraticall State?

Ful. Your advice is good—— but ſuch deſignes muſt be ſhadow'd under a fair pretence, and falſe Colours muſt be us'd to decoy the prize within our power—— no Fiſh will bite at a bare Hooke. And every Novice will take us by our Trim for Picaroones. And will rather chuſe to run to rights on a ſtrange ſhore, than come within command of our ſhot—— I have been Cruiſing here theſe two Days and cannot diſcover one Saile may adminiſter Comfort.

Enter Sir Noiſy Parrat *with his Servants.*

Scar. But here is a Lucky Rogue, ſpreads his Canvas, may make us all ſavers, and repair our Shipwrackt Fortunes—— while the painted Jay is muſtring his glittering Equipage, and priding himſelfe in his borrow'd plumes. I will prepare you with a hint of his Character. This Knight is one of the Cocking Top-Fools in the Town, born to an Eſtate able to bear out his moſt Extravagent Folly. He brags much of his Valour, and knowledge in gaming and other the modiſh arts of the Town: but is at the bottom a rank Bubble, and a fitting Toole to be wrought upon by wiſer men: But the Fox muſt ſometimes flatter this Daw, that he may drop his Cheſe for a Song. But you will ken him upon the firſt view: Sir *Noiſy Parrot*, we are your moſt humble Servants, and rejoyce at our moſt Lucky-Fortune (being juſt arriv'd) to encounter the very life and ſpirit of Wit and good humour: Were the whole Race of Modiſh well-bred Sparks quite Extinct your ſingle Example were enough to reſtore and qualifie the Age.

Ful. You are the approved Rule and Standard of all Gallantry: a pattern fitting for the world to imitate and Coppy, having the abſolute Aſcendant over all the Ladys which you govern without Controul.

Sr. Noiſ. No faith Gentlemen, my wit and good humour is grown very Dull of late: I am ſo damnably over-run with Honourable Love, my thoughts are wholly taken up with raptures and contemplations: making my Court and Addreſſes to the bright Object of my Devotions, which has put me to a

continual pumping my Brains till they are as dry as Saw-Duſt.

Ful. Certainly that Lady muſt have more than a humane wit, that can hold repartee with ſo prodigious a Maſter of it, or can defend her ſelf againſt the attaques of ſo invincible a Conquerour.

Sr. Nois. I have not given Nature a fillip, or cloa'd my Body with a Brimmer this week! And my parts and faculties grow ruſty for want of Scowering and Furbiſhing: But I have made a diſcovery of moſt delicious Burgundy! Juſt ſtoln in from *France*, and to avoid all ſcandall we will be very drunk in private, and hear the Hiſtory of our Campaign-Friends on the other ſide of the water. Pox on't if I had not bin engag'd in this Fooliſh paſſion. This Love intrigue: I ſhould have made a figure among 'em. But now I am like to Flux; Marry and Settle, and am Condemn'd to raiſe up Iſſue to my Fore-Fathers! And ſleep forgotten with my Country Anceſtors.

Scar. Your Freinds are concern'd your Amours and engagements have diſappointed them of the honour of your Company? And you loſt the fair Oppertunity of Signalizing your ſelf in Arms and raiſing up Trophies to your Immortal name! But the little Archer will be obey'd: and lead grim *Mars* where he pleaſes in Triumph. But for the Hiſtory of our Heroes ingag'd in the War, it ſhall be deferr'd till we have the honour to kiſs your hands over a Bottle.

Sr. Nois. And drink a health to all the Sparks and Sharpers abroad: not forgetting their poor diſconſolate Miſſes, that ſit languiſhing and forlorn at home: Poor Souls! They have run thro' a long Lent of Pennance and Mortification: I would willingly have the Fiddles, a Treat, and the Diverſion of *Ballum Ranckum* with *Looſe*. But ſuch a frollick, if ſmoak'd might cauſe a rupture in our Matrimonial Treaty, which is now far advanc'd. But for the preſent we muſt baniſh *Venus* out of our Calender, Jolly *Bacchus* ſhall rejoyce our hearts, and be our Dominical Letter, making our Eyes ſparkle like flaming Carbuncles; but at preſent I am in haſt to pay a viſit to my Miſtreſs: but muſt call in the way for a Copy of Verſes made in praiſe of her excellence, tho' I may Juſtly boaſt I have as good a fancy as any of the Ryming Tribe. But my thoughts are too buſy to trouble my head about ſuch Trumpery.

Scar. Then we muſt couclude you are ſmitten to ſome purpoſe? when you Dabble ſo deep in Poetry!

Sr. Nois. I am grown lazy and cannot perform all offices at once and therefore have provided my ſelf with a Journeyman Poet——a certain Reteiner to the Muſes, and let him Rook now and then a Guinny to twelve to encourage his fancy: And I believe he has as pretty a way of Cooking up a piece of Invention, as moſt of their Thread bare Miſtery! Well Gentlemen; call me exactly at Four at the *Roſe Tavern*.

Ambo. We will not fail—— [*Exit Sir* Noiſy, Parrot.

Scare. This Fool is much admir'd among the Ladies for a Wit, and a Gallant. And among the Fops for a man of parts: He brags much of his cunning & Knowledge of the Town, and talks of falſe Dice when he has 'em in his hand.

When

When to thoſe that have the Courage to attack him, he it as ſecure and humble a bubble as ever was bit, at Cole under the Candleſtick! He has not good nature enough to do a Friendly office: But muſt be Driven like a Deer into the Toyle.

To them Enter Frank Fox.

But here comes *Frank Fox*, a Man of a generous Nature, that will help a Friend at a pinch; And has courage to call any man to account, that fails to make him a ſuitable Return.——

Fra. Welcome my brace of Warriours! you from the Camp, You from on Board, as your ſeveral habits ſeem to confirm me! And how go matters among the Hero's of the Age?

Scar. We fought not our private Advantage abroad: our end was the honour and ſervice of our Country! [*in a lofty ſtrain.*

Fra. This publick concern ought to be encourag'd and rewarded: But ſome malicious ſpirits will ſuggeſt, 'twas hopes of pay and plunder ingag'd you in the War: Elſe who can think that men of Wit and Sence: wholly diſintereſted in any Forreign-French quarell, ſhould voluntary ingage their mercenary Hands in all ſorts of Cruelty and Barbarity: withour pretence of Juſtice. To every Brave and Gallant man all Juſt and fair reſpect is due; but this Town of late has been ſo peſter'd with a ſort of young raw confident pretending Fops, who returning from abroad, by their Grimace, nauſeate all men of Diſcerning ſence. I ſaw the other day a young Spark return'd in Triumph from the Campaign, Strutting and Swaggering with a moſt dreadful Meine, Cocking and looking as haughty as if he had retaken the Imperial Standard, or accompliſh'd ſome wonderful atchievement: hoping with his arrogant Looks to Hector the world into a Beliefe that he had chang'd his Nature, as well as his Garb: His diſcourſe was embroyder'd with Flowers he had cull'd out of the Gazet, mixt with ſome French Termes of art, which Jargon of Diſcourſe, he mingled and put moſt awkardly together. But tho' this Aſſe was ſo well diſguis'd in the Lions skin, the dull Annimal was quickly diſcover'd by his Brayeing and exalted Ears, and Expos'd to the ſcorn and Contempt of the Company.

They ſmelt the Fop out in the ſhining Veſt.
Apes will be Apes tho' in rich Scarlet dreſt.

Scar. Such pretenders talk much of *Robin Hood* that never had the honour to ſhoot in his Bow, and give occaſion to thoſe that live at eaſe at home to rally poor Soldiers, that for their ſakes expoſe themſelves to hazzard and fatigues abroad.

Fra. 'Twere unkind in you to ſuſpect, I would joyn with the ill natur'd World in ſuch a baſeneſs; Tho' I cannot ſufficiently contemn ſuch pretending Blockheads: I know how to value men of Merit: That may be reduc'd by the uncertain Chance of War, which often happens to the moſt free and Generous Spirits: I know you to be men of mettle, and Blades that deſerve to be adorn'd in richer Scaberds: Here Gentlemen, command my preſent Stock;—— [*gives em' his purſe.*

Share it, and get your ſelves rig'd in a Chriſtian habit, you look at preſent like ſome

ſome ſtrange *Americans* in a Map, or ſome Heathen Prince to be ſhew'd in *Bartholmew* Fair for money: Meet me at the *Roſe* at two. And then I ſhall Communicate a matter to you, In which I ſhall deſire your aſſiſtance? in the mean time I muſt walk a turn or two here in Expectation of my Father. Your Servant——— [*He walks.*]

Scar. Well go thy ways for an honeſt Worthy obliging fellow! And tho' his noble Nature is crampt with a griping Fathers bare allowance, yet he knows how to ſerve a Friend at a pinch.

Ful. He's a ſharp Lad and knows the World: and how to place a benefit to advantage.

Scar. While ſome ungainly Fellows manage their kindneſs ſo Awkardly they affront thoſe, they pretend to ſerve, and made them bluſh that they are beholding to ſuch Brutes.

Ful. This generous aſſiſtance has reſcu'd us from the Gulf of Deſpair, and we will ſerve him to the hazard of our lives: of which his laſt words ſeem to hint, he ſhould make a ſudden proof. How many rich ſordid Heirs wallowing in endleſs wealth that can preſent profuſely to a flattering Bawd—or a Jilting painted Mercenary Whore; but would be damn'd ere they would oblige an honeſt brave wanting Friend; Let's Devide his Benevolence.

Scar. Forty Guinneas to a Doit.
I have an old Suit in Limbo will Equip me to a hair.

Ful. But my Wardrop is paſt all redemption, I muſt to the Brokers and rig my ſelf againſt the Time, we'le meet at the *Roſe*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Worldly, Fox *and* Plot.

Sir *Wor.* Is Mr *Scattergoods* further Mortgage prepar'd?

Plot. It is, Sir *Worldly*———

Sir *Wor.* And have you drawn a Warrant to Confeſs Judgment in Ejectment? That I may have the Stirrop ready to mount into the Saddle of poſſeſſion, I believe I have advanc'd to the full of the Eſtate:—The Auctions in the *Eaſt-India* Company run very high at preſent, and I am reſolv'd to diſpoſe of my ſtock there, and place it upon *Terra firma*: on a fat Mortgage? or a Purchaſe—Let my Daughter know I would have her receive Sir *Noiſy*'s Addreſſe for Marriage, he has a great Eſtate in Land and Money? and refers the Settlement to me. Who will take care to hamper him, and ſecure her Fortune; on this Marriage: That it ſhall not fall into Huckſtirs hands, and be Extravagantly ſpent and Squander'd, She ought to look on this Match as a great Bleſſing, and not grow perverſs and Humerſome like her Brother. I am to meet Sir *Noiſy* at my Councils Chamber, when 'tis dark—go home.

[*Exit* Plot.

Re-enter Frank Fox.

Fr Fox. I was at your Houſe to Pay my Duty and am glad to wait you here.

Sir *Wor.* Excuſe me Sir. I am not Supple enough to return your Complement, and for your Duty Sir, 'tis but a word of Courſe, pray Sir, know the uſe of your Hat: there needs no Ceremony between us, a man of ripe Age, and one might have made me a Grandfather, if he would have us'd the means, but a willful humour blaſted my hopes. *Fr. Fox.*

Fr Fox. I hope Sir you will be entreated to pass by this single act which looks like Disobedience. You have taught me Sir, that Love and Friendship ought to be chosen; and not Compell'd, and to Marry without Love, is to bind a living Body with a Dead: When ever I design that knot, I will be solely Govern'd by your Judgment.

Sir *Wor.* I must refer you Sir, in what concerns your self to stand and fall by your own Management, I will not be so Idly Curious to concern my Thoughts for him I cannot Govern: And for your Debts. They were not Contracted, by any fault or Encouragement of mine: Heaven has blest you Sir with helps, my youth could ne'r pretend to: and yet I weather'd Fortunes utmost malice. I went a raw School-Boy to *Oxford.* And but a freshman when the War begun: I Left the Studious for an Active life: and finding none prefer'd at Court, but for some by Interest, or Downright money, I was condemn'd to take the Luckier side. From thence rose Gradually to be a Collonel. Finding an Heiress fitting for my purpose, I marryed her, without considering either Wit or Beauty. An Estate was the only thing had the Witchcraft to inchant and fix my happiness. Then secur'd by the act of Indemnity, I bid adeiw to all Military Imployments: my Wife, dying Early I have above Ten Years remain'd a Widdower, unwilling to overcharge my Family with a second Brood: But having in you met a Disappointment in my Designs, I resolve henceforward to please my self, and choose a partner in my Bed and Fortune.

Fr. Fox. Let your indulgence wink at what is past: my Care shall still comply with your Commands.

Sir *Wor.* Then you shall find me an indulgent Father? [*Ex. Sir* Worldly.

Fr. Fox. The Conduct of this old man vexes me! [*Solus.*

His starch'd behaviour over-Ceremonious:
As if his Malice study'd for revenge:
I would not drive him to a Desperate humour:
To fix his Thoughts upon a second Match;
Or Marry my Cast Mistress:
Who in her Pride may Lord it over me!
And seeke my torment for Apostacy:
None know how sweet Revenge is to that Sex?
Which I'le prevent, and marry her to *Parrot*:
With the assistance of my two new Friends and Plot:
Hedg in a Summe shall cleer me of my Debts?
Which his Indulgence made me first contract
And now abandons me unto the World.
'Tis this compells me to an Act immorrall
Which I my self condemn, but cann't avoide:
Hee who constrains me thus to stretch my Wit.
And forces the occasion pardons it.

Enter Plot.

Why are your Lookes so Mellancholly *Plot*?

Plot. I am considering (a point you take but little care off.) how to stop the

mouths of your barking Creditours; which if I find not ſome to ſilence, I ſhall be ſwallow'd alive in priſon: and you may live to make Dice of my Bones: I am ſo diſturb'd and alarm'd with their Threats and dunning Epiſtles, that I can take no repoſe? If your Father did but know my hand was with you, and my friendſhip to you had involv'd me in this affair I ſhould be diſcarded from his Service.

Fr. Fox. Well *Plot*: what Expedient have you thought upon to ſtop this dangerous Leak; which threatens to ſink our Crasſy Veſſell, and prove a common ruine to us both.

Plot. I declare I am at a loſs—what ſays your Father? will he not advance?

Fr. Fox. He is ſo offended with my refuſing that Squintifego-Crump for a Bride, that he has diſcarded me with my bare allowance to buckle with the World.

Plot. He had ſet his heart upon that Match: 'Twas his darling Device: which he had ſat long a hatching: but your obſtinate refuſal blaſted his hopes. and made him deſperate-mad: Diſappointing him of the rich Harveſt he had ſo long Dreamt of: Hang it, why ſhould a Tyrannical Father think to compell his only Son to marry an Heireſs worth Sixty Thouſand pounds, contrary to his Inclination, though he brib'd him with a Settlement of 1500*l. per annum*. And ſecur'd the reſt after his Death. Had you had the Grace to have Comply'd, theſe petty Debts would not have ſtung us like Hornets, as now they do: Then you had amaz'd and dazled the world with your ſhining Equipage. And appear'd the Glory and envy of the Town: The enchanting Ladies would have ador'd and cry'd you up for the moſt happy Conquerour and you might put their hearts under what Contribution you had pleas'd, you cannot gueſs Sir at the Magick power of Riches, which can in a moment transform a Senſeleſs Brute into an accompliſh'd Gentleman.

Fr. Fox. What need I deſpair, or poorly Compound for a Deſpiſed Livelyhood, when my Fortune ſtands fair before me, and aſſures me all things will ſucceed moſt happily: None can Diſappoint me of my Fathers Eſtate: And I had rather be a Gally-Slave, than chain'd to the Embraces of her I hate.

Plot. Tho' Love is ador'd as a powerfull God among the Superſtitious Troop of idle votaries: yet to Wiſemen, he's but an Empty nothing, and us'd as a Cloake to cover politick deſignes:

Love and Religion Serviceable Tooles:
To the Wiſe Artiſt: Dangerous to Fools.

Fr. Fox. Hold a little Sir: let me ſtop you in the Career, of your Harangue: and intreat the aſſiſtance of your Tallent to matters in hand.

Plot. I ſtand Corrected Sir: and muſt own that a Florid Philoſophicall Diſcourſe will be as unſeaſonable and ridiculous in our preſent Condition as Sir *Hudibraſs* grave ſet of Moralls in the Stocks: 'tis better Imitating the Wiſer Conduct of Court Preachers, that never diſguſt their Audience with a dangerous Truth: and by that means run the hazard of bilking themſelves of a long hunted preferment. But is there no means left to mollify your obdurate clutch-fiſt Father? Did you urge your Neceſſities home?

Fr. Fox.

Fr. Fox. With all the winning Rhetorick and art of perſwaſion I could, but his heart was not to be ſoftned with all my Arguments; and like a Diamond bore it without any Impreſſion: He told me, ſince I had refus'd the Settlement he had propos'd: and diſappointed him of the ſatisfaction of ſeeing me marry'd: it was the Effect of my roving Fancy: He had known many like Gipſies, better pleas'd to follow their own humour and Inventions then confine themſelves to any ſettled Courſe of Life: and was pleas'd to find he was related to a Son that had Wit enough to Swim in the world without being beholding to the Bladders of his Friends aſſiſtance.

Plot. Then 'tis but reaſonable ſince he condemns you to live by your wits he ſhould feel the firſt Stroak of your Fancy.

Fr. Fox. And I have a Project juſt now teeming in my brains ſhall make us ſavers to the Tune of a Thouſand——But of that hereafter. How does my Siſter receive *Parrats* addreſſes?

Plot. Who? my good Friend and Patron Sir *Noiſy?* He has choſen me of his Cabinet Council in this affair, and prime Confident: He is ſmitten up to the Hilts with your Siſter!

Fr. Fox. How does ſhe receive him?

Plot. Very coldly.

Fr. Fox. I like it the better, and am reſolv'd you ſhall do a double Favour, in ridding her of a troubleſome Gallant; and aſſiſting in a Marriage, Deſign'd between the aforeſaid Knight your Friend, and a Damſell of my intimate acquaintance. You may eaſily bring it about becauſe he truſts you!

Plot. Of your acquaintance! nay then he'le have a fine time on't——Sir I muſt heartily beg your pardon in this Caſe: I would be ready to do you any Service my ſelf. But my Conſcience will not let me diſpence with a Breach of Truſt: What? betray a Friend: you muſt hold me Excus'd!

Fr. Fox. Betray a Friend, betray a Coxcomb! There is no more obligation for a Man of Wit and Sence to keep the peace or Friendſhip with a Fool, then for a Turk to obſerve Articles with a Chriſtian, or a Papiſt with a Heretick. There's a mutual parity requir'd in the bonds of Love and Friendſhip, and where one ſide is turn'd Bankrupt, the other on Courſe remains no longer bound: And for Conſcience 'tis but a blind Stalking-Horſe! to cover deſigns: A ſham pretence, not to be ſpoke of among men of wit. But to remove all Scruples, Accompliſh this, and for it, and your Services paſt and to come: I will confirm you an Annuity of one hunderd pounds *per annum.* under hand and Seal, payable on my Marriage or my Fathers Death.

Plot. Sir I am much edifi'd by your Learned Diſtinction, and muſt confeſs you have ſuch a ſtrange Winning bewitching power over my frail fooliſh Nature, a very Tempting Motion, which I cannot refuſe being accompany'd with Gain.

Fr. Fox. I fear it will be heard to trap the old Fox.

Plot. I rather diſtruſt the young Fop, who is naturally apt to Blink and Boggle: But the old one is by long Succeſs: grown confident and will ſwallow the Bait.

All Novices are Shy: But a new Trick
Does the Old Gameſter moſt ſecurely Nick— [*Ex.* Plot.

Fr. Fox. This fellow has a ſubtle Brain, and a Genius fit for Buſineſs: he had his firſt ſeaſoning, under a petty-fogging Solliciter. And there grew well acquainted with the Nicking part of Buſineſs, but ſtraining a Knaviſh point too high, was forc'd to fly beyond Sea for the ſafety of his Ears: till the perſecution was paſt, and there accompliſh'd himſelf in all Forreign as well as Domeſtick Politicks: At his return Fortune threw him on my Father's Service, where by his Dexterity of management, He has wound himſelf into his affairs, and is become Prime Miniſter in the Conduct of his moſt important matters. I have by degrees drawn him over, and fixt him of my party, and by that means am Maſter of all my Fathers Secrets, which come within the Sphere of his knowledge. And knowing only Intereſt could ſecure him, I have promis'd him Mountains, when Fate calls the old man aſide, and in the mean time drew him in to be bound for my Debts, which will oblige him to any hazardous undertaking, will work him out of his ingagements, I muſt make uſe of him to advance an other hundred pound. Credit is like a Pump grows dry for want of working, one hat full of water puts it in Tune, then you may ſerve your ſelf and friend, and fill your Ciſterns againſt a further occaſion.

Enter a Vizour Mask and preſents him with a Letter— *He reads* —

Auguſt, *the* 10*th.* 1672.

Earneſt Buſ'neſs gives you this trouble and I requeſt you will meet me at Roſamonds *Pond at Eleven this morning. I ſhall be habited. &c.*

Madam you have ſerv'd me with a Proceſſe of Love in nature of a Bille deux, to which I anſwer I am at preſent no Idle Fellow; but oblige to take up one Hundred Pounds, if I can perſwade an honeſt obliging Perſon to lay it down: Now if you, or any kind Friend of yours, will advance me ſuch a Sum? I will give you perſonall Security; or be Bound Body for Body.

Mas. Mine is an Affair of Conſequence and might concern you to make a more ſerious Anſwer?

Fr. Fox. I have been ſo bit under Vizours that I am under a Promiſe to be no more deluded, Except you convince me, you're a new Face?

Mas. Then I remove all obſtructions to the Treaty: I own my Credentialls bare Fac'd.

Fr. Fox. And it is a very pretty one. Let you and I retire to my Lodging? hard by: and adjuſt matters in private?

Mas. Hold Sir, I am but an Ambaſſadreſs; and claim Protection by the Law of Nations: And if you preſs me further, I will call in the Mobile to my Aſſiſtance.

Fr. Fox. Well thy Beauty has ingag'd me to meet; but if you Gilt me, I will be reveng'd on thoſe two twinking Stars if er'e I meet 'em. [*Ex.* Fox.

Mas. I muſt wait my Ladies coming, 'tis much about the time of her coming from Church, ſhe has been at prayers ſhe may be Lucky in this Adventure? Oh! here ſhe comes.

Enter Lady Wary.

La. *Wa.* Well, did you deliver my Letter? *Maid*

Maid. I did, and he has aſſur'd me he will meet at the hour.
La. *Wa.* My Brother has propos'd him for a Husband:
Rendring his Character and Fortune Fair:
But Friendſhip like to Love proves often Blind.
Misleading the frail Judgment into Error:
It moſt concerns me nearly to Deſcry
The Rocks and hidden Quick-Sands of his humour.
And the rough Paſſions which infeſt his mind:
I cannot be too Curious in my Search:
On which my Future happineſs depends:
He once may Lord it ore my Mind and Fortune!
If I in this diſguiſe meet him by Chance
He will appear to me in his true Colours.
A ſudden Speech diſcovers more the heart
Then Courtſhip made by ſtudy'd rules of Art.
The weakeſt Lover will provide Diſguiſe,
To hide his failings from his Miſtreſs Eyes:
Thro' this Diſguiſe I as a ſpy may ſee,
Th' unwary poſture of the Enemie;
Like a Dark Lanthorn Vizors are deſign'd,
To light before, while all's conceal'd behind.

End of the Firſt Act.

Act. II.

Enter Clarinda *and Nurſe.*

Clar. MY Deareſt *Nurſe*, by whoſe Counſell I have hitherto conducted my ſelf let your advice reſcue me from this Inſolent pretender Sir *Noyſy Parrat* whom I moſt perfectly hate.

Nur. And you deſire my opinion? Therefore I will firſt ſhut the Door; for it is very improbable where there is more then two Women concern'd, Counſell ſhould be long conceal'd.

Clar. I have an Averſion for this troubleſome Fellow, that talks ſleeping and wakeing without ſtaying for, or expecting an Anſwer: His diſcourſe is ſet to the tune of his own Praiſe or Commendation, Extolling and valuing himſelf (as he imagins) on his nightly Debauches, Quarrells, Rancounters, Duells diſorders and the Love of many great Ladys who languiſh and dye for his ſake: Though none regard, or give beleiſe; to his Fabulous and Romantick Adventures.

Nur. It will be dangerous in you to oppoſe the Currant of your Fathers humour and croſs his deſign: and you will find him *Reſolute Batt* when he ſets upon it. Therefore it will be beſt to comply with his humour and diſſemble obedience: leaſt you may run the Riske your brother has done

for his Obſtinacy: Bid Sir *Noiſy* wellcome with all the Gayety imaginable; that he may fancy by the freedom and indifferency of your humour you were bred up amongſt thoſe talking treating Goſſiping Intreaguing Ladys: That will toſs a Bottle and take up a Storie in their eares upon occaſion. Hint it to him, ſince your Father will have it ſo, you are very indifferent in the point of Marriage: will comply with his fancy, but chooſe with your own: That you look on Marriage as a humane Politick Invention, a ſort of a *Smith-field*-Bargain where inclinations are bought and Sold: or ſwopt away for preſent Intereſt. Carry it on with Gayety and Gallantry of Humour: Talk much of Plays, Muſick, Meetings, Balls the Mall, and freedom of Converſation: And I'le ſecure you he ſhall be the firſt ſhall recant, and pay a round forfeiture to be well off the Bargain. If he declines his Courtſhip your Father will have no reaſon to Complain, for though Men are never ſo deprav'd and Debauch'd in their own Principles, they wiſh their Wives ſhould be Examples the other way.

Clar. Well *Nurſe* I am ſatisfy'd you have propos'd the true way to bring me off, and I will try to Act it to the life; when he comes next the whole Scene ſhall be chang'd and I will over do it with Extravagant whimſy and Frolick, and ſo nauſeate his appetite that he ſhall never after think of Matrimony.

Nur. Well, we'le goe in and prepare our ſelves for Action, Study our Qs and rehearſe our parts and I will be near and prompt, if I find your Natural Modeſty at a loſs, I be ready to aſſiſt, and I'le warrant you wee will ſend him away like a Dog with a rattle at his Tayle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. *The Park.*

Enter Lady and her Maid.

La. Doe you think the Spark will meet?

Ma. He looks more like a Cavaleir then to break his Word.

La. Prithee give me an exact Account of what paſt at the delivery of my Letter?

Ma. At firſt he laught and told me he was a Man of buſineſs, and had abundance of Irons in the fire, and could not be ſpared to waite on theſe Vaine, Idle aſſignations. That he was juſt going to take up a hundred Pounds if he knew any perſon would be ſo civill to lay it down. I told him if he knew the fair Lady ſent the Letter he would court the occaſion. He replyed he had been ſo often banter'd with Letters and Mask's that he was reſolv'd never to ſtir one foot on ſuch ſleeveles errands except my Face would perſwade him. For he hated an old acquaintance worſe then durty Linnen, a dunn, or a Bill of Exchange without money to anſwer it. I diſcover'd my Face and found grace to ingage him to meet at the time and Place. Well madam, are you not under ſome concern to meet this dangerous man of War, that has been fluſh'd with ſo many Victories? He has made many a poor heart ſigh, or the world fowly belyes him. Love is often Imperious and domineering and will not be check'd and govern'd by Reaſon.

La. Doubt not, I ſhall defend my own with Gallantry and Reſolution. But I'le

I'le advance him the Money on certain Conditions which if he breakes I'le hate and deſpiſe him.

Ma. Courage madam, the Enemy approaches.

Enter Frank.

Fr. By all the fair Tokens of my Letter of advice: Madam, you are Conſign'd hither. And I am to be the happy Factor of ſo compleat a Cargo?

La. You talk like a Merchant, come hither on ſome deſign of purchaſe or Exchange. But I muſt declare my ſelf an utter ſtranger to the affaires of your Negotiation. I hope I may Saile here, under the protection of the Kings Chamber, in theſe narrow Seas: without any imbargo, conſtraint or further Examination from any Pikaroon that Cruiſes here for Purchace.

Fr. You may perceive by this Letter, [*ſhews his Letter.*] that I am come here upon an Honourable Aſſignation, and If you agree with the Market in the Margent, I muſt diſcourſe with you further on that Subject.

[*She reads and returns it.*]

La. Sir you ſee I do not agree in habit with your Deſcription, and rather believe you are ſome pyrate, or Corſaire that haunt this Coaſt to ſnap a Prize, under falſe Colours and pretence?

Fr. My Colours truly declare what Prince I ſerve: But I have greater Reaſon to ſuſpect your Truth, that conceal your Commiſſion with your Face? But my open pretences give me a fairer Character.

La. The Ladies that haunt the Boxes, and travers the Mall, enquiring after every proper Gentlemans Circumſtances, make a Figure there, know Mr. *Fox*'s fair Expectations: But no Woman of Fortune will venture for *Better for worſe*, without ample Settlements and a ſeperate Maintenance, if Husbands ſhould prove baſe, unkind, or unjuſt; in theſe Caſes 'tis good to have Two ſtrings to ones Bow.

Fr. I know ſome have had Twenty, and worn 'em to the Stumps.

La. Thoſe are a ſort of Roving Spirits: But a ſober Muſician will try what Melody can be made on a Trump Marine with one ſingle String, rather then entertain a Scandalous Conſort.

Fr. But Madam, ſince you are ſo well acquainted with mine: Let me be beholding to you for your own Character?

La. That will availe you nothing: our Circumſtances differing in every Point, and I like other Artiſts can paint my Deſcription as fair as I pleaſe. You having had no ſight of the Original to contradict it: But to comply with your deſire: I am a Widdow, my days of mourning with my Garments are almoſt at an End: My husband died rich and Loved me paſſionately; and it was my Care to preſerve it, till misfortune parted us: he left me in full poſſeſſion of all which many think Conſiderable enough.

Fr. Your perſon is more valuable then the Indies: And I am moſt infinitely charm'd with your wit and humour. Let me beg you will remove that dark Cloud which obſcures the Nobleſt Object.

La. Want of knowledg is the True mother of Devotion: And a convenient diſtance often makes us adore thoſe Myſteries, which on a more familiar

familiar acquaintance, we ſhould ſlight and deſpiſe: If you think it worth your enquiry, I will preſerve it for a further interveiw. Let my firſt injunction requeſt you will preſs it no further which will oblige me to more freedom hereafter: But if your Curioſity makes you pry further into my reſerve, inſtead of your promis'd *Juno*, you will meet an empty Cloud, or at leaſt will prove ſo to you——

Fr. Madam your Commands oblige me more then an Oath or an Act of Parliament. I beg your pardon, for my inquiſitive humour, and will preſs no further: I am wrapt up into the Heavens of Imagination! Your Wit and Converſation has rais'd me into an Extazy: Your ſhape mein and charming accents of your Voice, has raviſh'd me from my ſelfe. *Ulyſſes* when he paſt thro' the Conſort of the *Syrens* was not more Tranſported.

La. 'Twas well his forecaſt had piniond him to the Maſt, to ſecure him from thoſe fluttring Deſignes, would have enſnar'd his Life.
But I muſt not permit you to proceed in this rapture: 'Tis poſſible time may diſcover ſuch a Face, that may damp your Devotion and put it out of humour.

Fr. There never was ſo fair a Temple built but was inhabited by ſomething divinely Excellent.

La. *Wa.* When Fancy has rais'd you to the tipptoes of your Imagination: you muſt at laſt conſider yonr Miſtreſs attributes are but mortall: Sudden paſſions like furious Earthquakes, cauſe a Commotion and Expire; whereas more Calm and regular fits are more permanent and laſting. The information I have given you in my own affairs incourages me to enquire after the Hiſtory of your Amours: A perſon of your youth and Temper, cannot but have intrigues on foot: Deal ſincerely with me, for if Time ar Accident ſhall diſcover your falſehood, I ſhall ſuſpect you vehemently in the reſt.

Fr. Fox, I condemn the rigour of my Misfortunes without my fault: Chance at a Masquerade, brought me acquainted with a young handſome Woman: Beautifull to a miracle; ſhe liv'd in a ſolitary houſe in the outskirts of the Town: with an Aunt, as her Governeſs. I made my frequent viſits, but with a Caution under a falſe name: And at laſt made a Diſcovery ſhe was kept by an old Gentleman: My Curioſity did not preſs to know further. We continued in this happy Circumſtance, for ſome time: When a croſs accident blaſted all my hopes and has made an Eternal Seperation: But I am ſtill ready to Sacrifice my life for her Intereſt and Service: But muſt for ever abandon her love: I can charge no fault on her or my ſelf; but the odd Capricioufneſs of my Fate diſtracts me: And this Madam, is the ſole Intrigue and Correſpondence I have entertain'd or ingag'd in for ſome time.

La. *Wa.* You have ſurpriz'd me with a ſtrange Riddle, I want an *Oedipus* to expound it, but I muſt Credit it, becauſe it is vouch'd by you, and the Concern, with which you tell it, gives it the more lively faith.

Fr. Fox. It is a Secret too true, And I wiſh it may be ſtill a Riddle, which nothing but the Rack or Torture ſhould have extorted from me, but your Ladyſhips Command.

La *Wa.* I leave you Maſter of your Thoughts!

Fr. Fox.

Fr. Fox Madam your inchanting Converſation has ingag'd me beyond my time: But muſt beg you will appoint when I may make my ſelf once more happy in your Converſation: It will be Cruell to condemn my heart, and not allow me time to put in further Claim.

La. *Wa.* What buſineſs hurries you away ſo faſt?

Fr. Fox. 'Tis of import, and calls me into the City.

La. *Wa.* I'le hold my life to raiſs a Sum of mony to Cary on ſome freſh deſign.

Fr. Fox. You gueſs like a Conjurer, which muſt be provided or elſe my projects will miſcarry.

La. *Wa.* Well, rather then all ſhall be loſt *in fumo!* I will venture a hundred Guinneas on your project: if that will do you any ſervice; 'Tis my Stock at Baſſet: And for once, the Table ſhall want a Gameſter: my Servant has it in a Purſe, you may take it by Conſent, upon this Condition that you repay it, before you make Courtſhip or profeſſion to another Miſtreſs: But if you are ſtrongly Tempted, you may have a Diſpenſation from me! when I ſee you next.

Fr Fox. Madam, I bluſh to accept this favour, which looks like robbery in me, if I wore the Mask! [*takes the purſe.*

La. I'le ask no Note under your hand I have a good witneſs by.

Fr. My Heart aſſures me I can never fail.

La. At four I'le meet you here: Leave me to my Freedom without a Spy.

Fr. I kiſs your hands.

Never was Man ſo generouſly oblig'd—— [*Exit.*

Maid. I doubt not, but you have won on his noble Nature.

La. 'Tis better to ſound his principles. with the loan of a triſling Sum, then put my whole Fortune in his hand; and be cheated of it at a lump, by ſuch a faithleſs Banker, I am at a loſs to expound this riddle of the Maſquerade, but I will uſe my utmoſt art to Dive into his Breaſt, I cannot be ſatisfi'd till I maſter it: And if he Loves——He cannot hide it long——[*ſhe muſes.*

Enter Leonora *diſguis'd in the habit of a Gentelman, running and out of Breath, looks about him, falls in a Swoond crying——He's gone, he's gone!*

Maid. Lord Madam, I am ſurpriz'd.

La. Charity obliges us to help him in this Diſtreſs: Rub his Temples. Oh he revives and opens his eyes.

Leo. Oh when will my Misfortunes have an End!
I thank your Charity that brought me back!
Or elſe my Miſerable life had here concluded.

La. You'r wellcome Sir once more to breath the ayr,
Lend him your hand and raiſe him from the Ground.

Leo. Madam——I thank your Charity and beg your pardon:
If I enquire what Gentleman was that,
That held diſcourſe with you before my Coming?

La. A perfect Stranger I met here by Chance.

Leo. Oh Madam—pardon a Diſtracted Woman;

Plung'd

Plun'gd by misfortune in Eternal ruine,
Who in few hours envy'd no mortal State.

La. A Woman! Madam you Surprize me much!
And tho' your borrow'd ſhape miſled my Gueſs
I cannot repent of ſerving ſo much Beauty.
I ſee your weak Limbs ill ſupport your Body
Accept my Servants Arm?
She will conduct you to my Coach that waits,
And I'le attend you to your Lodging.

Leo. Madam ten thouſand thanks for your aſſiſtance.
[*Ex* Leonora *leaning on her Woman.*

La. What if this Stranger prove the Maſquerade,
I am on fire, till I pump out the Secret——— [*Exit.*

SCENE. *the Hall.*

Enter Clarinda *and her Maid* Betty.

Bett. Madam Sir *Noiſy's* come,
To Serenade you with the Fiddles.

Clar. Is the Wine and Colour'd water prepar'd?

Bett. So like you cannot diſtinguiſh it by your Eye.

Clar. Tis well—admit him.

Enter Sir Noiſy Parrat.

Sir *Noiſy Parrat*, you are welcome, ſince my Father has given you admittance; you are Patron here.

Sir *Nois.* I am glad to wait on you in ſo good a humour: it us'd to be more Lowring and Tempeſtious—— And therefore I brought the Fiddles to appeaſe the Storm.

Clar. That is allay'd by your Company; a Womans Countenance, does not always ſhew her real meaning: But ſince you have brought the Muſick, we'l have a minuit. [*ſtrike up.*

Sir *Nois.* I am Surpriz'd to find you in ſo good a humour

Muſick plays—She Dances and Sings with all Gaiety, Turns him about. He ſhews himſelf very Clumſey and awkard in the Dance.

Clar. I ſee Sir *Noiſy* I can tire you out—Sit down and Breath a while and we'l to't agen. I perceive this exerciſe has made you *Dry*— *Betty* bring Wine, and a Collation—Come Sir *Noiſy*? ſince the Fates will have it ſo, heres to our better acquaintance— fill him his Glaſs— to the whole Legion of your Miſtreſſes— *alon's Monſeiur Chacon l'ver.* [*The glaſſes meet and claſh.* I think I do pretty well for a young beginner at this Exerciſe: A little Practice will make me perfect. Sir *Noiſy* I am reſolv'd I'le Imitate your Example every way, and firſt we'le diſcard all jealouſy: for that will diſturb our happineſs. When we are Marry'd the Law inſtalls me your Sultana; your Miſtreſs of State, And I in days of Triumph am to wear your Golden Trappings, as your Charging Palfry: Neither ſhall I be out of humour if you divert your ſelf, with an eaſy pad, on ordinary occaſions: by the by; provided you return home to your quarters ſafe and Sound, and in the

the mean time the Neceſſity of the Family may be ſupply'd: Marriage is like to prove a tedious Journy, and will hold out one of our Lives: And therefore it will be good to ſupport Nature with all Comfortable refreſhments, of which I take the Bottle to be a main one, which conſtantly feeds the Lamp of Love. And none but the fooliſh Virgins will want that precious Liquor for a recruite.

Sir *Noiſ.* And madam, I'le be bold to drink the aforeſaid Health, to our further Acquaintance.

Clar. The deeper the Sweeter. You ſee I make you welcome, after the *German* Faſhion: Who contract all amity and friendſhip over a Bottle: and faith, plain dealing is a Jewell now a days; and it is good to let every one know betimes what they muſt truſt to: But ſince you have preſt the Muſick let 'em divert us with a Song.

Sir *Noiſ.* Madam! I deſign to treat you with an air of my own Compoſing and ſetting. [*which he produces and reads it with great admiration.*]

Clar. Indeed Sir *Noiſy* this muſt be very Charming?

The Muſick Sings the ſame Song.

Clar. Sir *Noiſy*, I perceive you're in a perfect Rapture, theſe Hiperbolicall Expreſſions treat your Miſtreſs like an Idol, be pleaſed to command the Muſick to ſing the new Dialogue of Womens freedom that's much more agreeable to my humour.

Sir *Noiſ.* Madam I will. [*goes to ſpeake to the Muſick.*]

Clar. How have I perform'd?

Betty. To the life: the poor Idiot ſtands amaz'd at your freedom: Carry it on with freſh humour, and I'le warrant you, you nauſeate him: For ever proſecuting his Love further. That torrent of diſcourſe that us'd to roule ſo volubly from his Tongue, without ſence or Conſideration, has now left him; he is grown Speechleſs, quite run down and inſipid.

Re-enter Sir Noiſy.

The Song.

Clar. I this is to the purpoſe. We'le ne're live ſneakingly at home with my Father, to be curb'd with his Muſty Morrals: but take the full ſwing and ſcope of our humour. Firſt, we'le furniſh a large ſplendid Houſe, where we may have Elbow room, with ſervants and Equipage ſuitable; and by the way you muſt forſwear living in that naſty dull place, the Country. Where with much ado, we may once in a Moon Scrape Company together to make a Game at Whisk, or Lantraloo; or a Country Dance. We will live conſtantly in Town, and when our dear diverſion the Play-Houſes are ſhut up, and all grows dull here, we'le down to *Tun-bridge*, where while you fret your ſelf at the *Groom-Porters*, I will divert my ſelf at the *Royall-Oak*, ſpend all the Morning Raffling at the Wells, and the Evening in Converſation and Dancing: and thus the time ſhall ſlide inſenſibly, with all mirth and Jollity: and I will lead a life more like your Friend, or Miſtreſs then your Wife: But I muſt Article you muſt always keep a Coach for me to make my ſeperate Viſits: You ſhall not enquire into my affairs: Neither will I trouble my head with yours: We'le keep a free open table to entertain our Friends.

And for other matters I ſhall leave it to my Fathers Care to ſecure me a ſeperate Maintenance, and make proviſion againſt all miſchances.

Sir *Noiſ.* Well Madam, we ſhall be an envied pattern to the World: Let me beg the Favour to Seale the Bargain upon your lips.

Clar. Well Sir, for once I am contented, you take it as a liker, before Marriage; But I muſt be more ſhy of my Favours: till you are faſt in a trap: When the parſon has ſaid Grace, you are welcome to uſe your pleaſure; in the mean time I muſt be more upon the Reſerve: leaſt if you ſhou'd entice me to be to free, before hand, you might fly of from your Bargain; Some have bin ſerv'd ſo to my Knowledge.

Sir *Noiſ.* Madam, there is no danger I can Repent.

Clar. Well, ſay and hold; I always reſolv'd I would marry a brave fellow: that ſhould ſtand by me, and juſtify my honour and reputation, right or wrong: I Scorn a little ſneaking fellow, that is eaſily run down; incouraging others to pretend to more familiarity then is true, and that will provoke a Saint.

Sir *Noiſ.* It will indeed: Well madam, I will leave no ſtone unturn'd to bring this matter to a ſudden Concluſion.

Clar. And I will lend my helping hand. Sir *Noiſy*, we will not part with dry Lips: one Glaſs more to the happy Conſummation of our wiſhes.

Sir *Noiſ.* With all my heart: Your Servant.

Clar. Hold hold Sir *Noiſy*: who could have thought you would have bin ſuch a Clown? to ſteal away without taking leave. [*they kiſs.*
I vow Sir *Noiſy*, you make me bluſh to mind you of your Duty.

Sir *Noiſ.* I'm glad I got off Sober, but this ſtrange freedom amazes me. [*aſide.*

[*Exit Sir* Noiſy.

Bet. Well madam, you have acted your part with all Gallantry: I'le ſecure you this dunghill cock will never have ſpirit to wheel or ſtrike one ſtroke more in the Battle: you ſee he is perfectly cow'd and dares not ſhew his face! you have baffled his pretenſions, and cut him down in his own way!

Clar. I believe he is grown Crop-ſick of the bargain. If we ſee him no more to day, you ſhall Viſit him to morrow! And entertain him with a hideous Character of my Wantonneſs.

Bet. I doubt not but He's already well enough ſatisfy'd.

Clar. Well I muſt bluſh and ask pardon; that have ſtrain'd a point of Modeſty to be rid of ſo vain a pretender.

Of proffer'd Dainties we ſuſpect the Savour.
Where moſt we're courted, ſeldom prize the Favour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Leonora's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady, *and* Leonora *in her mans cloaths.*

Leo. Your kindneſs, Madam, infinitely binds me
What I ſhall ever be, muſt own your Bounty,
Who brought me from the Dungeon of Deſpair.

La. This ſtorm blown over all will then prove fair,
The Stars ne'r meant that face for black Deſpair.

Leo. What can I hope in this diſtracted ſtate

That

That am a perfect ſtranger to the World
And want a faithfull Friend to give me Councill.
La. Madam! you freely may Command my Service,
And Women prove as truſty to each other
As great Heroes: And conceal their Secrets.
But while you labour thus to ſtifle thoughts
They often ſuffocate, or feſter inwards,
And breed a hidden Gangreen in the Mind;
Open your Grief and give your Paſſions vent,
The very telling it will Eaſe your Heart:
And I'le apply my utmoſt Skill to ſerve you.
Leo. Then I will freely make you my Confeſſor,
Be not ſevere or kill me with a frown:
La. Your Face aſſures me yours are Venial failings!
Leo. I wiſh my faults to you tranſparent were,
Which I condemn, but never can declare:
When to arraign my ſelf, it is my Choice
Shame hides my Face and robs me of my Voice.
Enter Aunt *and whiſpers* Leonora.
Madam ſome buſineſs interrupts us now:
I beg you call on me: I am ſtill at home!
Conceal your ſelf a Moment in this Lobby
And thoſe back ſtairs conduct you to your Coach.
La. But I'le make bold to Liſten. [*retires.*
Enter Fr. Fox. Leonora *runs and embraces him and faints in his Armes.*
It is as I expected. I'le watch the Iſſue.
Fra. My abſence made me ſeem a Criminall,
I from your ſight conceal'd my Guilty Face
And hid me from the perſon I adore.
Leo. Since I once more incloſe you within theſe Armes
Nor Time nor Fate ſhall e're divorce me from you!
Happy that hour when at a Maſquerade,
Thy Wit and Beauty charm'd my panting Breaſt,
And firſt inſpir'd thy Love into my heart!
Which Was till then a ſtranger:
My Heart then melted and diſſolv'd within me!
A race of Golden Days did then appear
Love was our Theam all day, and every Day a Year.
Fra. Our Love in blooming Youth is in the prime
And like pure Gold works perfect from the mine:
Till thoughts and Care the Mettle does debaſe
And mix it with a dull and Groſs allay.
Leo. Love at this Envy'd pitch ſhould ever ſtay.
Fra. Our fruitleſs wiſhes can't arreſt the Sun
That great Machine of Heaven muſt ſtill proceed
And having touch'd the higheſt Southern point,
from thence declines:

Leo. Then ſince we find our ſelves Each hour decay,
Our Bodies like a Clock at firſt made perfect ;
Untill the Spring, and well diſpos'd wheeles
Wear out, and faulter in Career of motion,
Looſing its pulſe, no more points to the Hour.
Since hours fly, each Minute lets improve
And think all time is loſt, that is not ſpent in Love !
Fr. Yet that ſelf moving Clock may be diſorder'd :
By ſome mischance diſabled to performe
Or ſtrike, untill reſtor'd and put in tune.
Leo. Then we muſt wait with patience untill Art
Or Time reſtore it to performe its office :
For Love can pardon and ſupply defects !
But, deareſt Life, be free and tell the Cauſe
What made you ſteal away from me abruptly ?
Fr. When in our infant Love you ſmil'd upon me:
Tho' your *Aunt* ſtorm'd and I receiv'd repulſes
Yet I cut through the Billows by your light.
At laſt convinc'd it was in vain to ſtrive
Againſt the ſtream of our united Love :
She thought it ſafeſt to conceal our Converſe
From the old Dragon, watch'd the Golden Fruit,
I interlop'd and drove a private trade,
And never minded who touch on the Coaſt
Till by his Picture you betray'd the Secret.
I at that ſight grew pale, my colour faded
And ſhot a diſcompoſure through my frame,
Starting as I had met my Fathers Ghoſt !
Which you perceiv'd, I told you twas a Qualm
That ſuddenly benum'd my fainting Spirits.
And while your Friendſhip went to fetch a Cordiall
I ſtole away.
Leo. And was that kindly done ?
Fr. I ſtrait retir'd home reflecting there
That he who oft had prov'd our ſport, and maygame ;
Was my own Father — 'twas then I found
Nature unknown to us had plac'd a Bar
So ſtrongly fixt no Art nor time could ſhake it.
Leo. Then I alone can cut that Gordian knot :
Which I want ſtrength to break or skill to looſe.
And Death alone ſhall end this tedious Life.
She draws her Sword and offers to fall upon it, but is prevented by Frank.
Fra. Hold ! hold !
Let not a raſh and inconſiderate Act
Deprive you of the power to Repent
Of Errours paſt, and waſh them white with teares,

And

And Heaven will ſay Amen, to our Endeavours :
But if grown deaf unto thoſe checks of Conſcience
We ſtill perſiſt, it ſwells to ranck Rebellion :
We defy, Heaven and ſet a mark for Vengeance,
Whoſe thunder never fails to hit the white.

Leo. Cou'd I be once aſſur'd this change of Fortune
Proceeded not from your inconſtant humour ?
I cou'd ſupport this hated ſeperation,
And live recluſe never to ſee mankind.

Fr. That were to hard a task for Youth to reliſh
Which is not prone by Nature, to ſuch ſtrictneſs :
I doubt not if your Beauty will be rul'd,
To raiſe your Fortune to a pitch of Envy.

Leo. Thou art alone the Scope of all my Thoughts,
The joy, the light, the comfort of my Eyes :
And ſince my heart is robb'd of that content,
What further can I hope, wiſh or deſire ;
When all my happyneſs in thee lyes Bury'd ?

Fr. Never diſpair ! the Sun ſhines every where ;
Fortune may doubly recompence the loſs :
Your late adorer now becomes your Friend,
That ſtill will loſe his Intereſt for your Service
And time may in a moment Change your Paſſions
Transferring fancy on ſome other object
Where it may thrive and proſper :
Caſt all care on me, compoſe your Thoughts
And I'le inform you more when next we meet

Leo. My Friend ? So from this hour I ſtill may call you
Reſt ever happy, bleſt, and fortunate : [*Exit* Fra. *ſhe ſtands and looks after*
Tho' I diſpair for ever of repoſe. [*him then throws herſelf on the Couch.*
the Scene *Cloſes.*

Enter Lady *and her* Maid. [*as in the Street*

La. Well you muſt get my new Garniture ready, for I muſt ſhift as quick as a Player between the Acts, let me have all new and change and vary my ſhape, that my Gallant may forget his inviſible Miſtreſs and have his eyes dazled with my Coſtly ornaments and Jewells. My Brother aſſures me he will dine here to day. Well Girle I have made ſuch a diſcovery that amazes me. Tho' I am ſatisfy'd in the Main.

Maid. How do you find the Spark ?

La. Juſt and honourable. But I will now put on all my Charmes that I may the better Judg of his Conſtancy to his Miſtreſs in the Mask.

Mai. If he ſhould quit all his intereſt in her, and fall in love with you on the firſt ſight.

La. That would argue to great a levity and blemiſh him in my Eſteem : leaving me to diſtruſt that ſuch an Inconſtant Rambler like Mercury can never be fixt. But I will try him at both weapons, which has the greateſt Influence,

fluence my Face and Gravity at home, or my airy Converſation abroad in the Mask.

Mai. 'Twill puzle a Caſuiſt to diſtinguiſh between your Natural and Politick Capacities.

By ſeveral ways the train of Love he fires,
He Courts your Wit, your beauty he admires:
Then let us gueſs which Charmes moſt by the Event;
Beauty in view, or wit on the cold Scent. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

Act. III.

The SCENE *Opens and diſcovers* Leonora *on the Couch. To her Enter* Aunt.

Au. I Hope your Friend has left you in a ſober Temper. He tells me, tho' his Conſcience will not give him leave to ſerve your delights, yet he ſhall make it his ſole Study to advance your Intereſt and well doing in the World. He always uſe to behave himſelf ſo rudely and ſcurvily to me, that I hated him mortally; but now he has chang'd his note and ſpeaks kindly and feelingly to me: that my heart melts within me, and I love the very ground he goes on. And tho' I underſtand there is a ceſſation of Arms between you, yet he ſhall command me any earthly thing. He tells me he will marry you to a young rich Knight and Barronet, and that you ſhall be Ladyfied and keep your Coach and Six, and live in the Country in a Stately Houſe as big as a Pallace.

Leo. Thou art always buſying thy head about Vanity.

Au. So is every thing that does not jump with your humour: What ſhall I ſay if my old Maſter comes, for he'le haunt and be prying about?

Leo. Tell him I am in Bed: there he'le find me. I need not Counterfeit.

Au. Lord! what a hurrican and Commotion this young fellow has made, and has ſo turmoil'd our affairs: before he came preaching here, all things went on ſwimmingly: now they are quite of the hooks: I wiſh Fortune had never conducted his feet within theſe doors: ever ſince our matters have gone Retrograde, as Mr. *Gadbury* ſays: I always adviſ'd you againſt this poor indigent young Fellow: I oppos'd him what I could, till I ſaw it was to late: But I was forc'd to uſe my utmoſt art of diſſimulation, to Cloak your Infidelity: and made the old man beleive that he had the ſole poſſeſſion: did ſo ſweeten and Cajole his fancy: if he had ſmok'd the leaſt he would have diſcarded us both, and turn'd us out of Houſe and home: and then what reparation could your fine young, ſlim, ſmooth-fac'd Freind, have made? Yet ſtill you remain in an obſtinate perverſe humour: I am aſham'd to ſee what cold advances you make to the old Gentlemans Compliments and Careſſes: well, if you will not Buckle, and apply your

ſelf

ſelf to be more Complaiſant, you will ruine all my Care, and we muſt bid good Night Landlord: and looſe the beſt Freind that ever you had ſince your Mother bound your head.

Leo. Forbear to torture me, thou curſed Engine of the Devil and all miſchief: 'twas thy Flattery that firſt ſeduc'd and Debauch'd me then a Child, and betray'd me into his Arms: where I deſtroy'd my honour and Conſcience for your private advantage: and fooliſhly barter'd away my Virgin Treaſure, for Glaſs, Bells, and Bawbles.

Aunt. I dont know what you mean by Glaſs, Bells, and Bawbles. But I am ſure we made his Pocket bleed good full ſubſtantial Guinneas. And he would have come deeper if you had had ſenſe enough to have managed his humour and not been too forward and coming. Madam it is the wiſeſt way to ſtrike your fortune while the Iron's hot, and not let his affection cool for want of your Complacence. I am ſure I made a good bargain for you, if you had had Grace or known how to have manag'd and improv'd it.

Leo. Thy arts and inſinuations have miſled me, and made me the moſt deſpicable and infamous of all Creatures, for which I curſe thee and hate my ſelf, and hope Death will ere long put an end to my miſery. [*Exit* Leonora.

Aunt. Well this is nothing but a Flatus of the Hipocondraick, a Hurrican of Paſſion that will quickly blow over: her neceſſity will make her Strike ſayl to her old Lover while I make advances to inſnare the young one, he is a fine delicate well ſhap'd perſon, and I effect him ſtrangely. Ah! thoſe charming deu eux they are moſt luſciouſly ingageing. And why may not I like a lucky Bowler Strike out my young Miſtreſs and lodge in her place; or at leaſt in the way of preferment. She has ſo glutted and pall'd his appetite with her repeated fulſome kindneſs, while wiſdom ſhould keep them hungry to prize loves Banquet, all honey moons ſoon cloy with the repeated treat, Chapon boulie, (as the French Proverb ſays) is not always welcome. I have ſeen a horſe up to the eyes in freſh paſture, break through a dangerous hedge for worſe. I love ſuch a rambler that in his return like a ſpring-tide covets all: a freſh Countenance gives freſh Courage to the Incounter. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Park.*

Enter Frank Fox.

Fr. This young widdow *Friendly's* Siſter, is a moſt Beautifull delicious Creature, in the Bloſſom of her youth and much improv'd ſince I ſaw her, of a moſt noble, proper, charming Shape and Mein: And like a Mellon juſt ready, of an inviting Eye, an engaging Face; Compos'd with all Modeſty: That while it ſtays you to Gaze an admire; it proudly bids you keep your awefull Diſtance? If her reſervedneſs would admit of a lighter Mixture of Humour like that Free, Airy, Sharp Poynant Converſation of my Mask'd Miſtreſs: She would be unparalell'd. But what if this Park Lady ſhould prove no Sham of the Briſtoll Rock, but a reall Diamond of a Conſiderable Charact. Then She will out-weigh all Competition: Theſe two Load-Stones do ſo ſtrongly Attract my Heart. That (like *Mahomets* Iron-Coffin) I am poys'd & ſupported in the Air between Both: I wiſh Fate would quickly decide my

my Fortune. For now I am too rich in Imagination.

Enter Lady Wary..

Oh madam you are come luckily to decide the Controverſy!

La. I find you alone! how can you differ with your ſelf? But however you appeal to a very weak Judge.

Fr. I know your Honour; and cannot doubt, you will be Biaſs'd by Intereſt: Madam you have ſhewn your ſelf a Propheteſs: For it is fall'n out juſt as you foretold. I din'd this day with a Rich, young Widdow, juſt come to Town. Handſome to a Miracle, with all the freſhneſs of the Country Air in her Face: and as Beautiful as a Roſe newly blown: If your Idea had not work'd ſtrongly in my mind, and retain'd me in due Obedience, I had profeſs'd my ſelf her Lover and Adorer.

La. I am like to have a hopefull Servant of you, that are always provided with a Diſpenſing power in your Sleeve, againſt all former engagements, and obligations: If your inconſtancy ſhould have left my poor Heart in the Lurch after you had fool'd it, into a paradice of Fancies. I ſhould have been in a fine Condition.

Fr. If her Beauty Conquers, and leads me Captive, How can I reſiſt or help it. You ought in time to Diſcover your Charming Face, and reclaim my wavering Heart: For Adoration which only dwells in an Airy veſt of Contemplation, will quickly vaniſh; without it be fix'd upon ſome outward viſible Object: Fancy is but a Camelion-Diet, and cannot ſupport it ſelf, without ſome fit matter to prey upon. How can I confirm my allegiance to you, that it is poſſible owes it already to another.

La. For that you have my word already. And I have more reaſon to ſuſpect your promiſe. Come tell me truly: Did you not Court this fair young Widdow?

Fr. No faith: not at all. But I was civill as became my Reſpects to her Quality!

La. Did you not ſay ſome fine charming thing, which won upon her? tell the Truth upon Honour and I'le forgive you.

Fr. I rather believe ſhe thought me an inſenſible Blockhead, that had ſo little to ſay on ſo fair a ſubject and occaſion; and ſo kind and gracious Invitation! Well Madam, if you know any Impediment, why I cannot be Succeſsfull in my Addreſſes to you? It would be Infinitely kind to diſcharge me, ere I Engage my heart too far; which will oblige me in honour never to retreat on foot, but puſh on Victory, by moſt furious attacks, Mines, and Countermines! And ſtuddy Stratagems of war to bring you to a ſpeedy Surrender!

La. You think I am a very faint-hearted Warriour to talk of Capitulation. Before you have drawn down your great Guns, or Mounted your ſtanding Battery.

Fr. I am at preſent a Souldier of Fortune, quite out of employment, I was born to be continually in action, but if I ſhould admit a habit of Lazineſs, it might corrupt my youth and turn to a Diſeaſe.

La. There's no Danger; you that have bin accuſtom'd to theſe French Engagements.

gagements. But Caution ſhould view the ground and provide againſt a treacherous Ambuſh, which has diſabled many from future Service, and take care to make you paſs a Quarentine of health: before admitted to ſo dangerous Converſation: And if once I diſcover your fickle Temper, that cannot defer your prying Curioſity a moment, I ſhall be glad I have ſo ſoon found out your humour, and will not envy my Country Rival, ſuch a Conqueſt, deteſting that ungrateful man, that could ſo eaſily forget his promiſe, and engagements: Without pride, or Vanity, I can boaſt my ſelf, her Equall in Fortune, my Reputation without a Blemiſh——And for my Face, I muſt leave it to Judgment. Tho' if my Glaſs and Friends have not Flatter'd me, it may paſs muſter. I do not deſire to be hunted by pretenders: I hate the perſecution of ſuch Fops: yet doubt not, but my Eyes have Luſter and Vigour enough to warm one ſingle heart, and make my ſelf happy in his only Friendſhip: For your further pretentions, I reſign 'em wholly to your own Diſpoſe.

Fr. Madam, I entirely ſubmit till your pleaſure ſhall remove that Cloud that Eclipſes your brighter Beams. Nor will I ſawcily enquire a Reaſon.

[*She gives him her hand.*

La. Well Sir your pardon's Seal'd and meet me here to morrow. [*kiſſes her hand.*
Then I'le unveile this Curtain to your ſight,
And Cleer all doubts before to Morrow Hight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

Enter Plot Scardevil *and* Fulham, *the two laſt diſguis'd.*

Plot. All things are now agree'd and Settled you have your full Inſtructions
Scar. I'le warrant ye we wont fail a tittle in the Execution.
Ful. This Plot is ſo well layd it cannot miſs.
Scar. We want our cheif Ingineer, young *Fox.*
Plot. He'le meet us on the Spot, Sir *Worldly* ſtays within expecting the Coach from Sir *Noiſy.* All things are fix'd——Gentlemen, I doubt not you come here to ſerve your Friend with Secreſy and Caution. There needs no Scruple, ſince all care is taken none but our ſelves are privy. You *Scaredevil* ſhall take the reigns of Government, and in a feign'd ſhape and voice deliver your Meſſage to Sir *Worldly*——
Scar. I'le do't, I have long ſince been vers'd in the Coachmans art for the ſake of a fair Miſtreſs I enjoy'd under that diſguiſe.
Plot. I'le ſee him in the Coach, then haſte in my diſguiſe to play the Ruffin.
Scar. Every man to his Poſt——away——[*Smaks his whip.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Chamber.*

Enter Aunt.

Aunt. I expect my Nieces Gallant here every moment, and I will try my utmoſt art to captivate, his fancy in the mean while. I'le practiſe ore my Ayrs, and poſtures. [*She pulls out her Glaſs, makes faces and practiſes in it.*
That Smile was very taking and becoming——
That Glance was ſharp and killing——Juſt like an arrow from a Parthian Bow——

That

That Rowling eye Surveys all at one Motion, and Crys have at you all——
That inticing damnable Leer, is moſt ingaging, and ſerves to fly a Lover to a Mark———
That grave affected look with the feign'd accent of the Voice, is raviſhing——
Thoſe Languiſhing Eyes inchant a heart——
But when you would Inſpire and ſhoot the Spirit of Love, then Ogle him thus——— Stedfaſtly——look babys in his eyes, fetch a deep ſigh, and gripe his hand; Then leave and gaze upon him, and ſay ſome fine ſoft thing, or uſe ſome toyiſh wagiſh Action———thus——
That Palpitation of the breſt is moving——
When a witty Smutty jeaſt is broke that admits a double conſtruction, Cover your Face with your Fan, ſtifle a laugh as forc'd by the Conceit——
So much for this time.——— [*puts up her Glaſs.*
But this Dreſs does not ſet off——
The naſty vapours of this Dunghill Town, darkens my Complection into a languid paleneſs, and then 'tis juſt to waken the Roſes——But naſty white-waſh ſtinks like the Devil Foh——If I miſs him now, I'le to his levy to morrow, and try if I can rouſe him to honourable Satisfaction. [*Exit.*

Enter Fra. Plot, Scar. *and* Fulham. [*in a lone houſe.*

Scar. We have ſecur'd the old Lion faſt in the Toyle, and threatn'd him ſufficient with the Bowſtring, and will leave the reſt to your own management. If there be occaſion you will find us at the Roſe. We make no Articles with you who have already redeem'd us: but leave it frankly to your own diſcretion.

Fr. For this Jobb, I'le ſecure you each a hundred. And if the Match with the Knight take, one hundred more.

Ful. We hope for a good Market with him before we've done.

Fr. We are your fellow labourers, and one hand muſt waſh an other We expect but 500*l.* ready, which we know where to take in a Caſting net. For Bonds and Bills they are a Chip in Porridge.

Scar. Well, Speed the Plow Gentlemen. [*Exeunt* Scar. *and* Ful.

Fr. Now we have ſecur'd him to our ſole management in this Lone new-Built unfurniſh'd houſe, far enough from all neighbours: Put the matter home to him in your feign'd hollow Counterfeit voice, make him Diſpatch the order for the thouſand Guinneas: I know his ſtrong Box will bleed that Sum. Which will do my Buſineſs, without ſmoak or further trouble, and redeem all.

Plot. I would have you appear in their two ſeveral ſhapes: It will Terrify the more, as if they were preſent: I have already Given him the propoſall: Are you ſecure of our two Friends the Co-operators?

Fr. I have known 'em ſufficiently: Neither of 'em, but would ſuffer the Rack, ere they would reveale a Syllable, if they ſhould Think of muttering a word, they would betray themſelves to no purpoſe: And be whooted like Owls into the wild Deſert. I have known ſome of them truſted with money, would have given the ſlip; but I never knew any of 'em betray the life of a Friend, That were to diſhonour themſelves and ſtarve. Theſe are a ſort of Bravo's, that never leave their Ingagement unperform'd; And fear neither

man

man nor Devil: But religiouſly keep their words to a Tittle: And ſupport themſelves on that ſort of Reputation: And never Boggle thro' fear, but are ſtanch to in the main.

Plot We'le in and ſee how the phyſick works with the old man. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE, *draws and diſcovers Sir* Worldly *bound in a Chair.* [*in the houſe.*

Sir *Worl.* What curſed luck have I had, to be Trappan'd and pick'd up for Hawks meat, and forc'd to this unreaſonable Compoſition of a thouſand Guinneas for my Diſcharge, or looſe my Life, and leave my whole eſtate a windfall to my Ungracious Son? Well, I am the willinger to comply, becauſe it ſatisfies me, He had no hand in it: He might Draw the knot and ſecure it all to himſelf at once——— There is no trifling with Deſtiny. I muſt ſend to *Plot* to pay the money out of my Scrutore—But this muſt be accompliſh'd ere I can have my Liberty——I am faſt in the Trap, and a man will hazard all to ſave his Life. [*Knocks on the Table.*

Re-enter Fr. *and* Plot *diſguis'd*

Well Gentlemen I have conſider'd on your unreaſonable propoſall! And if I could find a way to raiſe the money: what Caution can you give me for my freedom?

Plot. We are Men of Honour, and live by keeping our words: you having done your part, ſhall immediately be ſet at Liberty: Diſpatch—your life depends upon your Reſolution. Do not Trifle when all's at Stake, we'd rather have your money then your blood. But one of 'em, we have Sworn to take within this hour.

Sir *Wor.* I'le write, where it ſhall be comply'd with, and ſend my Key and a Token: Give me Pen and Ink.

Plot. Here Sir, Write Effectually, for your own ſake: that we may have no further trouble.

Sir *Wor.* I will.

Plot then we'le conduct you hood-wink'd from this place, and leave you free in the open field.

The SCENE *ſhuts and changes to the* Roſe Tavern.

Enter Sir Noiſy, Scaredevil, Fulham.

Sir *Nois.* Wellcome my Brace of Worthies *Caſtor* and *Pollux*: where both ſhine bright and fair, no ſtorm can hurt: Wellcome my Bullies of the Land and Sea: now you have chang'd your Hues and Shapes, you ſmell no more of Gunpowder, He of Tar; Here's to the brave Youths are gone to ſerve the French abroad: They have Cull'd and ſtrip'd the Root and Branch of *Covent-Garden*: for their Service; and made a Noſegay of thoſe Rank weeds: I wiſh ſome of our old Scowerers here: The Watch and Beadles finding our forces weak, begin to inſult: And drive us to our Trenches!

Scar. You ſhall Command us Sir to Scower theſe ruſty Halberts from the Parade: And fix our Standard up in Triumph!

Sir *Nois.* My noble Friends! and hardy men of mettle, I ſhall be proud to joyn in the Detachment: Here's to the Miſtreſſes of our young Warriors: whether they tread the Stage, or mew'd up Cloſe, ſecur'd with Lock and

key, till the return of their lov'd Paramours, That they may meet 'em with Limbs ſafe and Sound, by no French hurt Diſabled from performance.

Scar. To you the Ladies Sir are much beholding: who comfort them in abſence of their Friends: Their not ſo dull, but they return your kindneſs.

Sir *Nois.* My Thoughts are only fixt on noble Game. And ſcorn the abject offer of the Stage: or Herd of Trading Mercenary Miſſes; I have enjoy'd where Peers have miſs'd their Aim.

Oh! Theres a Difference twixt brisk noble Blood
And the Dull offspring of the Dunghill Brood.

Ful. But we who claim our Birth from humble Shrubs may Sport under the ſhaddow of the Cedar, and ſometimes hope to get a happy wind-fall.

Scar. Here is a high healſth to every worthy Lady diſdaining to debar her noble Perſon: to the Embrace of any but her equall: In Merit, Birth, and rich accompliſhments.

Sir *Nois.* Agreed, and to thoſe noble Courteous Ladies love a good turn when 'tis Diſcreetly offer'd: who wipe their mouth and ſay no harm is done; How I deſpiſe the baſe and Common Game: Wild-foul and Veniſon in the Blood takes me.

Scar. I am for a frollick too and would venture hard for a dainty Bit: But if a man is once taken within the forbidden purleius of the Law: He often pays more then his Skin is worth for his Ranſome; I am not for breaking into great mens incloſures: Courſing theſe *Fera Nature.* Theſe open Diverſions of the Field, is lawfull; without running the hazard of breaking ones neck into one of theſe dangerous pit-falls, which I avoid and deteſt: Deer that run Wild in the Forreſt ſhow more ſport, and are better Breath'd, then what is Coop'd up within a Narrow Pale, or pinfold. Tis not the meat. but 'tis the ſtomach got by Exerciſe makes the pleaſure of Eating: A clean Country Laſs work'd up into good humuur ſhews more Diverſion, then the proud Stall-fed Lady of the Court: Who will make you wait her leiſure! while ſhe is pleaſing her ſelf with ſome ſmooth Page or ſome ſuch inſignificant Utenſill.

Sir. *Nois.* Every man to his Delight, aud Pleaſure; one mans fancy muſt not be a Rule or Guide to ſway others Judgment: And Gentlemen Heres to your Cheap Diverſion with your next well breath'd Country Milk-Maid.

[*laughs and drinks.*

Scar. With all my heart: Why Sir, do you think the Bleſſings of nature are the leſs to be valu'd for being cheap, and common? The Sun, who is the light and life of the World; And the common Air wherein we breath, coſt us nothing, yet cheifly to be valu'd above All other Enjoyments: without which we cannot ſubſiſt one moment! 'Tis our Folly often pays extravagant dear, for theſe unneſceſſary Delights.

Ful. Let's wave this Argument, and not wear it thred bare and while we have eaſe and leiſure value our own happynes, indulging our ſelves under our Vines and figtrees at the Fountain head the *Roſe*, Crown'd with a Noſegay of rare Wines, Choice Muſick and the bright Sparkling Eyes of the kind Damoſells, rather then be ſows'd and Pickled in a Storm for Months together,

together, without hopes of ſeeing Land: Eating Sea-beefe and bisket, with many a cold gulp of ſtinking Water, mixt with Beveredge for Conſolation.

Scar. Or to be houſe'd, and caſe'd up in Canvas in the Camp, ſweating in the Summer like a hot-houſe: Or after a hard tedious March for want of the Baggage ſtretch on the cold ground without a Canopy, and wake in the Morning with our limbs frozen like a diſh-clout. A Country Tapſter with his Laſſes about him, leads a life like the Grand *Seignior* in his *Seraglio.*

Sir *Noiſ.* It makes me ſigh at my misfortune, that I whom the World muſt own for ſo eminent a Virtuoſo, ſo well read in Men and Manners, ſo great a Philoſopher, Mathematition, Aſtrologer, Lawyer, States men, Painter, Architect and ſo able a Caſuiſt: I might have out rival'd the greateſt Generals, both by Sea and Land: had not the Inchantin of the Ladys ſtop'd me in the Careire of my Honourable deſignes.

Ful. Their ſoftneſs oft diſarmes the braveſt Spirits, and makes them like *Hercules* exchange their awfull Club for a diſtaff.

Sir *Noiſ.* Ay, this ſpurs on my Revenge upon both Sexes, for Heaven be thanked I am not much guilty of good nature that is the blind ſide of a man. And where I find a Lady holds a fair unſpotted Reputation, I inſinuate my ſelf into her Converſation, and by my confident behaviour perſwade the world I have a great Intereſt in her: and never leave, till I have fixt a Scandall upon her which I Induſtriouſly promote and ſpread: and this pleaſes me far better then Beaſtiall Enjoyment.

Scar. But this humour may bring Quarrells upon you.

Sir *Noiſ.* No not at all: for I can worke it in ſuch a ſly manner the Fools never perceive it, or if they do I can forſwear at a pinch, or place it upon ſome woman that ſhall be nameleſs, or upon ſome great Perſon ſhall be paſt their finding out: with whome I can play the Pimp or the Paraſite, and having wrought him into a beliefe of my honeſty and ſincerity, I eaſily win on the unguarded hearts of his neereſt Relations, whither Wife, Siſter, or Miſtreſs; (which way my Tallent cloſely lyes) To which purpoſe I have already qualified my ſelf with all the Romances extant, whither Greeke, Lattine, Italian, French or Spaniſh: And write a Billet deux to a Miracle: I can unriddle the moſt Occult Cipher: and where a Knotty Caſe is ſtarted, I have a Spirit of wrangling will never be convinc'd, and weary them by my Subtill diſtinctions till I make them knock under the Table. And if it had not been for my curſed lame Leg at the Univerſity, I had writ a Crittick on all the Claſſick Authours.

Sca. The World is to ſenſible of your Prodigious Parts.

Sir *Noiſ.* I tis that gives an Alarm to the World and makes them afraid to truſt me, for if I were once brought in to Play they would be glad to Court me. But now I reſolve ſeriouſly to apply my ſelf to Buſineſs, and have laid the Scene to be choſen in a Country Town, where I have already drunk up the Cuckolds, and entertain'd their Wives at a Ball; who were raviſh'd with my Dancing, and prais'd my handſom Foot and Leg I Gad.

Sca.

Sca. Sir *Noiſy* heres to that; and all the Appurtenances: and that it may always bear away the Bell. [*drinks.*

Ful. He's drunk already—— Hint the diſcourſe of Box and Dice. [*aſide.*

Sca. Sir *Noiſy* you are a great Virtuoſo and underſtand the fraile Dye and Tackle: We are juſt come over raw, and it would be a great favour if you would communicate your Knowledge?

Sir *Noiſ.* I'le do it with all my heart—— And while the Boy fetches the Dice, I'le tell you how I bit an old Cavaleir that had been a deep Bubler in his time; I carry'd him to my houſe, and deny'd him to his Wife, was upon the Hunt for fear of me: I out watch him and play'd him Blind, and then managed him at my one diſcretion—— Oh here comes the Drawer, ſit down and I'le ſhew you clever management which is not yet divulg'd—— Pray Gentlemen keep it private for your own ſakes, [*the Drawer gives him*] how do you like this? this will paſs. [*the Box they ſit down*] [*he throws.*]

Sca. Moſt ſecurely—— we will practiſe it at more leiſure, this will win a mint of Money.

Ful. Here we have the Tower of *London* to a Turnep. Here's your health.

Sca. He begins to Totter, ſouſe him deep with the other Bumper.

[*gives Sir* Noiſy *the glaſs, who lets it fall and ſinks down in the Chair.*]

Ful. This laſt pull has overſet the Bell—— he is now grown paſt the Knowledge of Box and Dice.

Sca. No matter let's rattle the Box and Dice a while to put off, and Quarrell as at deep play—— Come Sir *Noiſy* ſet deep——keep the door ſhut and it will prove the ſame thing.

Ful. But he's faſt a ſleepe how ſhall we win the Money.

Sca. That we have done already by dint of Drinking, let me alone to face him down we did it fairely—— I'me ſure he never dares to contradict it——Now *Fulham* ſpeak in thy heart if this is not as fair away as thy falſe Dice——come let's be impudent and ſhare it before his Face, 'tis ſomething above fourſcore Guinneas, there's forty for you—— the reſt I'le be Accomptable for—— [*knocks.*

Enter Drawer.

whats to pay?——

Draw. I'le fetch a Bill——

Ful. You ought to pay Sir, you have ſtripp'd Sir *Noiſy* and my ſelf.

Re-enter Drawer.

Scar. This was a Lucky hand——whats's a Clock Drawer?

Draw. 'Tis now juſt Three?

Scar. There's your Bill, and a Guinnea for your waiting: Diſpoſe Sir *Noiſy* on a Bed within, while we chaſtiſe our Bodies on the Chairs till morning. [*The Scene ſhuts.*

SCENE, *Sir* Worldly's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Worldly *and* Plot.

Sir *Wor.* Did you pay the one thouſand Guinneas I order'd you by Note?

Plot.

Plot. I did Sir, and here's your Keys.

Sir *Wor.* 'Tis well.

Plot. A Woman waits to ſpeak with you without.

Sir *Wor.* Send her in——To what end ſhould I diſcompoſe my ſelf, and pull off the Remainder of my hair for madneſs: As if my Baldneſs could recompence my Loſs? No, I'le digeſt it calmly: And ſet it down as a puniſhment for my Sins and Folly, and bar the Door againſt a further miſcheif.

Enter his Woman.

Wom. Sir I come to wait upon you, according to my Duty, and acquaint you I have found ſome great Diſorders at your houſe. I have obſerv'd a young Gentleman frequent it, and privately admitted, and dreſs'd Suppers, of which I fancy'd he eat part. Yeſterday my young Lady came home in mans Clothes with another Lady; And other perſons, now frequent the houſe. Her Aunt tricks her ſelf up like a Lady, Painted, Perfum'd and Patch'd.

Sir *Wor.* For me to ask a reaſon, would but betray my weakneſs unto their Shams and Follies: I'le pry into the matter, and reſolve my ſelf. If She proves falſe: I'le hate my ſelf, and quite forſake all Womens Converſation. [*aſide.* To morrow about Eight I will diſguiſe my ſelf in the habit of a Seaman: And ſteale out of my back Door: And viſit you as your Brother, juſt come from Sea, by that means, I undiſcern'd; ſhall diſcover all: Here, take this Guinnea for your Diligence, and wait me at home—— [*Exeunt.*

Plot. I wonder to ſee him bear the Loſs of his money ſo patiently! But he's a Philoſopher! I have overheard all their Diſcourſe, and this new Deſign; which I muſt prevent, or Sir *Noiſy*'s Marriage with the Neice will miſcarry [*Studies*] I have it ——*Fullham* and ſome of the Tars ſhall preſs him as a Seaman on Board. And there ſecure him till the Buſineſs is over; It ſhall be ſo, I'le preſently about it.

Since the old Fox reſolves to undermine
My Counterplot Shall Baffle his Deſign. [*Ex.*

The End of the Third Act.

Act. IV.

SCENE, *The* Roſe-Tavern; *diſcovers* Scaredevil, *and* Fullham *aſleepe on the Chaires.* Scar. *wakes and riſes.*

Scar. THis hard lodging makes a man woundy amorous, I wiſh fortune would obliege me a kind Miſtreſs next my heart, I would ſo wellcome her; but time will provide all things for the accomodation of the Induſtrous—— [*Knocks*] Come *Fullham* ſhake your ears, and riſe you Sluggard; you ſee the morning Smiles and promiſes a lucky day.

Ful. Prithee do not wake me from my pleaſant dream.

Scar. Ariſe you ſlugard, for we have money now, to turn idle dreams into reall Injoyments. [*Enter* Drawer.

Is Sir *Noiſy* awake. *Draw.*

Draw. This alarm has rows'd him. I'le up and ſee what he wants.

Scar Do, and get us a cold Tankard of Rambowſe, and we will have a further Conſideration of your dilligence.

Draw. Sir, I fly to ſerve you. [*Exit* Draw.

Scar. What think you if we daſh the Tankard with a luſty dram of Cool Nantz? 'twill raiſe his mettle, keep up his Spirits, and make the Match we deſign, go down the Glibber.

Ful. Well thought on. I'le ſend a Porter for a Pint, and prime it in an inſtant.

Enter Sir Noiſy.

Scar. Sir *Noiſy*, how did your Champaigne work with you laſt night?

Sir *Nois.* It prov'd ſtronger then I imagin'd and makes me ſpit Cobwebs this Morning.

Ful. What was in your mind to propoſe play, I loſt my ſtock out of pure complaiſance. This Blundering *Scaredevil* has run a Rock by that means; pox ont I have deerly welcom'd him on Shore.

Scar. Yes faith; Chance has been kinder to me then was her Cuſtome, and I hope this glimps of fortune, would prove a lucky omen to my future undertakings. I never ſaw Sir *Noiſy* ſo eagar of Play. At firſt he run deep into my ſtock, But I rally'd and routed him horſe and foot, and brought off his Watch for a Trophy at ten Guinneas.

Enter Drawer with the Tankard.

Sir *Nois.* Sirrah! Did I play laſt night?

Draw. Yes Sir I heard the Box and Dice at work a long time.

Sir *Nois.* Well 'tis no great Matter, 'twas only the money I pick'd up at the ordinary, and for my watch I'le pay you the ten Guinneas upon demand.

Scar. Your word's ſufficient——is the Tankard ready.

Ful. 'Tis Cock'd and Prim'd.

Scar. Sir *Noiſy* here's your health——about with it *Fullham.*

Ful. I, here's ſome vertue in this, 'tis good to reſtore and comfort the noble parts.

Sir *Nois.* Give me the Tankard, I'le take a luſty draught who wou'd not be drunk over night for the ſatisfaction of a cool Mornings draught? Oh how it hizes as it goes down, but I'le have the other bout.

Ful. I'le warrant you this will put you in good humour. Oh for a kind wench to rub us down after this hard exerciſe.

Sir *Nois.* No, my thoughts are Elevated above ſo vile a Contemplation, they are but traſh and rubbiſh: I have found out a Conſtellation of moſt tranſcendent Beauties, 'tis but looking out ſharp and you may Compaſs a Dutcheſs, aſſoon as an orange-wench: But you muſt take greater Caution leaſt it be ſmoak'd: Quality invites with a greater life and Guſtoe. I have lately enjoy'd a Beauty of Women of the higheſt Rank and degree.

Ful. Now it begins to work. [*aſide.*

Scar. You carry the Matter very ſliely and like White Powder hit the mark without Noiſe. You are no open Courtier, no haunter of the Play-houſe, or Drawing

Drawing-room; what Art have you to bring theſe Ladies to the Lure, or ſure you muſt walk in an inviſible Cloak.

Sir *Nois.* When I meet the raviſhing Beauties in the Mall, Baſſet-Table, or elſewhere: I make no application in Publick, becauſe of the niceneſs of their Reputation, but I fly them to a mark with my eye, and by the help of a female friend clap Salt on their Tayle, and the buſineſs is done. For they are eaſily perſwaded to meet ſo able a performer, one that can give ſo ample ſatisfaction. My name's up I gad, and now I may ly abed and have Chamber practiſe more then I can turn my hand to.

Ful. Doubtleſs all the world is ſenſible of your great abilities.

Scar. We will petition, to be taken in as aſſiſtants and Coadjuters in the School of *Venus.*

Sir *Nois.* Quality is too Nice to admit of Rivalls, it is a Jewell of value, and muſt not be Sully'd with profane hands. There is a pleaſure, and a Guſtoe in it, delights nice and generous Pallats; and what would a man baulk for his Pleaſures and delight. I have known a Bully ſupported by a chance hit, diſdain all Butchers meat: longing for the moſt delicious Bits, and the choiceſt Wines, indulging himſelf in all voluptiouſneſs: preſent largely to a Miſtreſs: As if his ſmall, and only ſtock, would hatch and breed in his Breeches, like *Fortunatus* his purſe. I have ſeen another beg or borrow halfe a Crown to treat himſelf with a bon-Chriſtian-Pare, though he had not wherewith left to ſatisfy his hunger at the three-penny Ordinary. Another that his left whole ſtock a Crown as earneſt, for a Dog-fiſh, went home and pawn'd the reſt of his Equipage to furniſh out the Treat. *Coſta que Coſta* I am reſolv'd to indulge my ſelf. [Plot *peeps in.*

What makes you here *Plot.*

Plot. I am come to find out my young Maſter *Fox*, I have a writing for him to Seal, and the Parties ſtay in the next Room. I thought he had been here.

Scar. Plot here's Sir *Noiſy's* good health.

Plot. Sir your good health.—Ah Sir I wiſh you were provided of ſo good a fortune as Young Mr. *Fox* is like to have. He is forthwith to marry a rich Merchants Daughter worth Threeſcore thouſand pounds; I ſaw the young Girle, ſhe is now abont Seventeen: But bred up with ſo much fooliſh Modeſty and Innocence, ſhe curtſy'd to the footman carry'd the writings. Her Aunt told her he was a Servant, ſhe bluſh'd and reply'd, ſhe took him for ſome noble Perſon by his Lac'd Coat, I was aſham'd to ſee ſo much Beauty ſo ſtrangely bred.

Sir *Nois.* What writings are they.

Plot. Here young *Fox* Covenants, that in Conſideration of her Aunts care and paine, in her no breeding her Neice; to give her one hundred pounds for her life, for which ſhe ſells and delivers her ſaid Neice. So Subtle Sir *Worldly* marrys his Son without a Penny expence, and it is poſſible the old *Fox* will cheat him of his ready money into the Bargain. But I muſt in and wait for his comming. [*Exit* Plot.

Scar. Sir *Noiſy.* It would be a pleaſant Jeſt, If you ſhould give over the purſuit of Sir *Worldly's* Daughter, and ſnap up this rich Prize; carry her

down into the Country and breed her up to your own likeing.

Sir *Nois.* I ſhould ſay more, if I were ſecure of her fortune.

Scar. Plot's your Creature, he can tell you all: But if he joyns with you, he muſt run the risk of being turn'd out of Sir *Worldlys* Service, if you make him your Steward, he will have no cauſe to repent: 'Tis all one to the Aunt who has her, ſo ſhe may be ſecure of the hundred pounds a year; 'tis but altering the name: *Plot* will bring it about.

Sir. *Nois.* But that may breed ill blood between *Frank* and me.

Scar. If you clap it up of a ſudden, none will concern himſelf for a Woman that you have already enjoy'd; beſides you may ſay it was *Plots* device and you know nothing of his concern in the matter.

Sir *Nois.* Well I'le in and conſult with *Plot*, if I find it ſeaſible I'le Squeeſe wax in *Fox's* place, and go through ſtitch. [*Exit.*

Scar. This Fool will be bubbl'd in ſpite of our teeth and therefore it is reaſonable we ſhould ſhare in the purchaſe.

Ful. Our laſt Job paſt cleverly upon him, and I fancy he thinks he really loſt his money.

Scar. I know I could eaſily perſwade him. [*Exeunt.*

Lady *meeting* Clarinda *in her Apartment.*

La. Welcome my deareſt, and my boſome friend,
Our breeding, and our Conſtant Education,
Has form'd our love and humour to the ſame;
Like two kind Twins each others Counterpart.

Clar. Few know the Joy and comfort of a friend,
Dividing Greif, that it is ſcarce perceiv'd;
And makes the floods of Joy come double on us,
Waſhing away all Sorrow.
We were adopted Siſters from our Childhood,
Till riper years united us to friendſhip.

La. A ſecret Sympathy appear'd in both,
As if one Soul inform'd our ſeveral Bodies,
We writ, we ſpeak, we thought like one another.
Endeavouring to improve each others fancys.

Clar. Your riper Genius, had the maſtring Power,
On whom mine waited as a weak deſciple,
And like an eccho made a faint return:
Like our two Lutes tun'd to an equall pitch
When yours was ſtruck, mine made a trembling motion;
And gave a dumb conſent.
When cruell Fate did for ſome time divorce us
We kept the Veſtall fire of love alive
Like a Recluſe I ſat and mus'd alone
And on your bright Idea did Contemplate.
Our hearts th' Epitomy of natures Book
In which we read all with a running look.
To Cultivate mans wit they plant and Toyl,

Which

Which of their accord ſhoot in your happyer Soyl.

La. Madam your kindneſs puts to great a value,
Upon that Spirit, I but Coppy from you,
Your witty Letters of the Town affairs
Mixt with Remark of other ſerious note
Has rais'd your worth, aud Canoniz'd your fame
Above the admir'd Sibells of this age.
Among that Troop, my Brother does admire,
Your Wit, your Beauty, and your manly Senſe:
Vowing had he liv'd in the Infant world,
When Dowry and Portion never had a name
But men by Conſtant Service prov'd their Love:
His Faith and Duty had or'e come all Rivalls
And tho' as yet, he's made no formall tender
His heart being full of love ore flows the bounds.'

Clar. My life and friendſhip are bound up with yours
Like the firm Union of the Steel and Loadſtone.
Which move, incline, meet, and embrace each other;
While none diſcern whence comes the attractive Power.

La. I bluſh to praiſe my Brother to my Friend
Whoſe long acquaintance needs no information:

Clar. Your Brother's Virtue claims reſpect from all,
Whoſe Native Gallantry in every action.
Diſtinguiſhes his Judgment,
But if my mind ſtood more indifferent to him
Your ſole Command ſhould allways Sway the Ballance.

La. I thank you for this Grace: Our faithfull friendſhip,
Is like a league made by our ſelves defenſive
Excluding man, would proudly make us Slaves:
And of a gracious Lord, would prove a Tyrant.
Like Salvage Turks, exclude us heavenly bliſs,
To make our Bodies ſervil to their Pleaſures:
But we muſt ſtand on our prerogative,
And make them find we ſtill command the reignes,
And ſteere them as we pleaſe.
Should the Brute Annimall once know his ſtrength
In vain we would reſtrain his head-ſtrong will:
While haughty men, tamely Submit, and wait;
Upon our Pomp, and Ceremonious State;
Preſent, Lye, Flatter, Weep to make us Sport:
While we at laſt conſent to what we elſe muſt Court.

Enter Frank, *and* Plot.

Fra. Plot. I thank you for your Care and vigilence, otherwiſe my Dad might have diſturb'd and Turmoyl'd the whole affair, he muſt remain in Limbo till the Marriage with Sir *Noiſy* is fixt, and then redeem him.

Plot. Sir *Noiſy* has concluded and ſealed to the Aunt, and is muſtering up

his Coach and Equipage to pay his first Visit: if he like her person, hee will instantly marry her.

Fra. 'Twill not be reasonable for me to appear till the Ceremony is past, then twill be time enough to give them Joy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Noisy, Fulham, *and* Aunt, *in* Leonora's *Apartment.*

Au. Well Sir *Noisy* you have such an ingaging, winning way, with you; a Woman can deny you nothing: But Really Sir *Noisy* you push this matter on too furiously. You must give the poor Innocent Girle, some time to prepare her self for so weighty a concerne: I have hitherto kept her so Ignorant she will not guess what you mean by your adresses.

Sir *Noisy.* I'le crack the Ice of her Virginty, and then carry her down into the Country instruct there by degrees at more leisure.

Au. Man was design'd as the sole Lord and Ruler of all below: And to mould Woman like wax into what forme and shape he pleases when once she has tasted of the tree in the middle of of the Garden of delight, her Eyes will be enlightned to know whats what, then she'le soon despise the toys and Bawbles shee once admire'd.

Sir *Noisy.* Let me alone to infuse Understanding into her, I am young and Vigorous.

Au. but that makes me afraid to commit her into your hands, she is green and tender and must not be handled to roughly: But since you resolve to bring her Maidenhead to the block: make her drink a hearty Glass of Wine, and tell her 'tis part of the Ceremony, it will raise her mettle incourage her Spirits, and make her suffer with less apprehension.

Sir *Noisy.* I'le warrant you madam I will pursue your instructions.

Au. I doubt not but it will be infinitely for your satisfaction. *Exit* Au.

Sir *Noisy.* I long to see this pretty Charming Creature.

Ful. Plot says she's very handsom and doubtles will ingage your fancy: for her being Country bred (as it goes in the World) it is a great happyness. Your Polite conversation will instruct her in her duty perfectly according to your own mind and humour.

Enter Aunt, *and* Neice *in her hand dresst like a Girle.*

Au. Come in Child, hold up your head thus fashion'd—so— when was your Dancing Master here?

Leo. Yesterday forsooth.

Au. Very well Child—make this Gentleman a low Curtsy—Child this Gentleman is a worthy Knight, that your Uncle has sent hither for your Husband. You must bid him welcome. [*Sir* Noisy *salutes her.*

Leo. Oh Lord foorsooth Aunt his Face feels as rough as a Nutmeg grater.

Au. But he can wipe it away with a washball, and make it as smooth as a Bowling Green.

Sir *Noisy.* Mistress I am come to Court you for my Wife.

Leo. You are wellcome as my Aunt pray'd me to tell you.

Au. Well Child this Noble Knight is come to make you his Lady.

Leo.

Leo. Oh Lord! Aunt forſooth what's that.

Au. He will lead you to a man in black, there you muſt ſay ſome words joyn hands, and be marryed; and then you muſt lye in a Bed together.

Leo. Oh Lord! forſooth I ſhall be aſham'd to lye with any Body but you:

Au. But now I muſt lye with this Gentleman. [*pointing to* Fulham. And you muſt leave me, and lye with this noble Knight: and he will Court you, and ſay obliging things, and looke Babyes in your Eyes, and preſent you with fine rich coſtly Jewells all Sparkling like the Stars in a a froſty Night, and you muſt ride up and down with him in a Coach and Six Horſes, with Pages with Hats and Feathers and lac'd Coates, and goe as fine as hands and Pins can make you, and live in lhe Country in a great houſe as big as half this Town.

Leo. Oh dear that will be very fine, but will he be as good as his word?

Sir *Noiſ.* That I will, if you will kiſs and Love me.

Leo. I'le do my beſt Sir.

Sir *Noiſ.* And I hope to pleaſe you better before you and I part.

[*kiſſes her.*

Leo. I vow Aunt he takes away my breath.

Au. But now you are his, he may take a greater Liberty; and you are bound to do as he would have you.

Leo. Nay I vow he makes me aſham'd.

Sir *Noiſ.* My Dear! you muſt go with me to be Marry'd.

Leo. My Dear! that's a fine Hony Sugar-candy word, yon may carry me where you pleaſe.

Sir *Noiſ.* Well I would not have beleiv'd a pretty Woman could haye been brought up in ſuch Ignorance: Yet I perceive in her ſome Glimmering of Knowledge: I doubt not but I ſhall quickly improve her Fancy. [*kiſſes her roughly.*

[*Exeunt,*

The SCENE *Changes to a Ship.*

Enter Maſter, Mate, *their Wives and other Seamen.*

Maſ. Come my Lads, let us Crowne the Table in the *Dutch* Faſhion, that we like Ducks in warm weather may kiſs and tipple our ſills. In this vaſt Punch Bole is contained Celeſtiall Liquor:· 'Tis all Priſe Brandy and as true as ever came from *Nantz*. Guard the Bowle Boy, leaſt a high Sea ſhould overſet it.

Mate. There is no danger of ſmooth Water in the *Thames*. But I perceive Maſter you are already half Seas over.

Maſ. But Drunk or ſober Mate, I know my buſineſs. Place your ſelves Doxyes. You love to ſit admiring the reflexion of your Beauty in the Punch Bowle. Here's your health. [*drinks.*

Wife. We return you the thanks of the Table: and we doubt not to match

match a *Rowland* to your *Oliver*.

Maſ. Coxon, what Preſt men have you brought, let them appear and muſter before the Women, that they may Pick and Chooſe.

Wife. Thou art a lying Knave, thou hadſt rather the bread ſhould mouldy on my hands, then I ſhould ſpare a bit for Charitable uſes.

Maſ. Thyne was a cut loafe, and therefore I did not expect the kiſſing cruſt: but I think I had beſt to lock it up and put you to ſhort Allowance.

Wife. Where every man carrys a picklock about him how can you ſecure it, except I ſtand Centry.

Maſ. I wiſh I were the richeſt Cuckold that ever trod the Exchange.

Wife. I doubt not that would advance your Fortune, as high as Cuckolds point.

Maſ. I hate theſe ſculking Rogues that hide themſelves from the Kings Service.

Mate. 'Tis a baſe quallity, but they have generally a tenderneſs for life and would avoid broken Bones; ſince they can get better pay in a Merchant man or a Collier.

Maſ. For my part I always cry neck or nothing, the King loves no Cripples.

Coxon, *brings in the Preſt men, and with them Sir* Worldly *diſguis'd.*

Cox. This Rogue to ſave his Bacon lodg'd in a Conduit upon ſtraw.

Maſ. If ſuch a cold Lodging agrees with his Conſtitution he ſhall have no Punch to warm it, but you may give him a kick to ſtir his Blood.

Cox. This great He-Whore, I found in *Eſſex* at harveſt in Petticoats; his fellow labourers the wenches, were loath to part with their freehold, having found the ſweetneſs of his Temper. One Jayd hung about him like the Jackanapes on the horſe, at the *Bear-garden*; But would not for the delights of her body venture her Carcaſe on board. This Rogue, I found with a wench juſt going to be marry'd. She down of her knees that the Ceremony might proceed, that the pariſh might have tittle to keep the next Baſtard. I had patience till the Job was over, drove him on board, and Conſummated my ſelf. This fellow a Brickmaker, was ſet to me by his Wife in a paſſion: But when ſhe found he was going, ſhe would have pawn'd her Childs whiſtle to have redeem'd her plaything: But he gave her a kick and bid her look after her kidds, for now the King had made him free and bid adeiu to his Slavery, reſolving he would no longer make brick without Straw.

Maſ. Here Sirrah here's a cup of Punch for your noble reſolution. What fellow's that in the Whiskers—— [*pointing to Sir* Worldly.

Cox. He was taken by our Leiutenant and deliver'd with Speciall orders not to be parted with till he came.

Maſ. Then I ſuppoſe he knows him for a man of moment. Make room come ſit down Whiskers.

Sir *Wor.* I thank you Sir, better here then among the lowſie Seamen.

Maſ.

Mas. You are wellcome on board, here's my Leiutenants health in pure Nantz Brandy as ever was tipt Supernaculum. What does he Scruple it, you muſt know a Bumper of Punch is your Garniſh on board, and muſt be paid here as well as in the Counter, I ſuppoſe Brother you can take Charge to the Norward.

Sir *Wor.* I beg your pardon, I am a ſtranger to theſe matters.

Mas. That wont ſerve your turn. here's our Captains health.

Sir *Wor.* I have a weak head and you muſt hold me excus'd

Mas. By that fine expreſſion, I know this fellow is a Land-lubber and I will take pleaſure to uſe him as ſuch a dog deſerves. What Scruple our Captains health? [*Whiſtles*] Toſſe me up a dozen of hands and lay this Recuſant over the breech of a Gun, and give him a luſty Coptee, and while his breech is warm, plant him in the Bilbows, there let him be forth coming at the return of my Leiutenant.

Sir *Wor.* Better ſit quietly in the Stocks, then be drunk in ſuch Swiniſh Company. [*Exit Sir* Worldly *and the Crew of Seamen.*

Mas. Come let the health paſs.

Mate Will a Gooſe Swim Oh Maſter, what Storms you and I have been in, that was a bluſterer caſt us away on the Coaſt of *Holland.*

Mas. Pox ont that was but a flea-bite to what I have ſeen, I have been Toſt on the Cape of good hope, where at every ſend of a Sea, I could have touch'd the Moon with my finger, and at the next have pull'd the devil up by the pate: The hugeſt Monntains have look'd like Warts, and the Peak of *Tenariff* like a Sugar-loafe. In the *Dreadnongh*, a Thunder-bolt ſplit our Main maſt, and a flaſh of lightning fir'd me a Pipe of Tobacco, a Sulpherous clowd of fire roul'd round the deck, and I ſwept it off with the Swab. The poor Maſter look'd as pale as a clowt, half dead and frozen with fear. I took the whipſtaff out of his hand and ſteer'd her to a Cows thumb. I have been in a ſtorm when to lighten the Ship we have threw Gold and Silver overboard by whole-Sale, as much as would have ranſom'd the King God bleſs him, yet the hard hearted Sea roar'd the lowder for more: I was more troubled with a fellow came from Rome, that would have preſerv'd ſome Agnus dei's, Relicks and other precious trinkets, which he reſerv'd for a *London* Market, I order'd them to be thrown overboard together, which preſently decided the difference and made it plainly appear his movables were of leſs value then his life: I told him when he was on ſhoar he might find Ingenious Artiſts would eaſily repare the damage if he had the grace to vouch they came from *Rome.* And ſo Gentlemen have among you blind harpers. [*drinks.*

Mate. Our Maſter would monopolize the trade of lying, but I will put in for my ſnack. [*aſide.*] I once Sayl'd with a grave *Spaniard* who in a great Storm invoked the Virgin at *Loretta*, by the ſweeteſt kindeſt obliging Saints names that I expected to have ſeen her appear, and ſtroke-ing his beard with great gravity, complemented the Sea at ſuch a rate as made the by ſtanders laugh. Oh thow moſt mild and Gentle Sea! Oh thou moſt Noble Rich and Generous Sea! Oh thou moſt comely fair ſwel-

ling

ling Sea! Let us prevale with thee, to aſwage thy mighty billowes and become more calm and temperate: Caſting away his obliging expreſſions on the deaf Boyſterous Waves. He vow'd to the fair Lady if ſhe would ſet him ſafe on Land, he would light up a torch to her glory bigger then the Monument in *London*. I touch him with my elboe to mind him, he was not to extravagant in his promiſes. But he whiſpred me ſhe was a good Lady and if he once got on dry Ground, ſhe would accept of a farthing Candle in full ſatisfaction. The Company was devided into ſeveral Caballs, and every one was devoute in his own way. Some ſung Pſalms and Hymns: ſome accoſted their ſeverall Saints ſome were muttering of Spells which they thought more available, but few or none addreſs'd themſelves to him that they were ſure had power to help them.

Mas. Mate you are in a Comicall humour——Suck your face you Baggage or elſe you ſhall never be wellcome to a dram of the Bottle.

Wife. Wherever you hide it, I will never ſleep till I have my fill of it.

Mas. Why you Jade do you think I'le make his Majeſties Ketch a Bawdy-houſe.

Wife. What need you ſcruple that, when it has been done before hand by your betters.

Mas. How do you know that, you Cocatrice? Scatter no words I ſay.

Wife. By hear-ſay my dear.

Mas. Oh 'tis well your come off, or elſe honour would have divorc'd me till the return of the next Voyage. But if at my comming home after a two years voyage I find you ready to fall on Sunder, the Pariſh ſhall keep its own Children, but at preſent I paſs by the laſt Brat.

Here are a ſort of Fidlers aboard, bring them out, and let them rub out their Guts for my diverſion, and let the Raſcalls ſing us a Song, that the Punch may trole down to ſome tune. The force of this great Bomb has blown off ſome of our Bull dogs, but we'le fall on with a new detachment, and ſound the bottom ere we part. [*They ſing a Sea Song.*

This was made by one that underſtood plain Sayling, and Ship ſhape. My deer let ſome of the inferiour women come in and divert us with a Dance: But let me not ſee a face that is not drunk as any in the great Cabin.

Wife Never trouble your ſelf, I'le warrant you they have not been Idle

Mas. Go muſter the Buttocks, I make you the Miſtreſs of my Ceremonys, while I ſit here in State, here Cockatrice your health——I am reſolv'd to get you with Child this night, and then none can injure my love in my abſence.

Wife. And when I have my owners goods on board, I can pick up what Paſſengers I pleaſe.

Mas. Go to, you'r a pert baggage, get them together while I ſit here to be diverted and ſmoak a pipe.

Enter the Seamen and their Wives dance awkardly as being drunk, and fancying the hee'les on one ſide as in a gale of Wind: At the end of the Dance, Enter the Leiutenant, *and* Plot. *The Bote-ſwaine whiſtles and with his Cat of nine tayles drives them all of the Stage.*

The

The Lieutenant *brings back the Maſters Wife.*

Lieu. I have ſome Freinds to come on Board and deſigne to treat them *chere-intier*, and now you are to drunk for Buſineſs.

Wife. I'le warrant you Sir, I can mind the main chance I will inſtantly on ſhore, and and ſummon in all the young Jolly handſome Seamens Wives that do all for Love.

Lieu. Let them be Young and ſound, and no man on our part ſhall ingage, till he has paſs'd your examination and has allow'd him practick. If you put one rotten Egg upon us, we'le ſee you keele-hald for our diverſion.

Wife. If I deceive you I'm ready to undergo that diſcipline. [*Exit.*

Lieu. Sir I have order'd your Preſt-man to be deliver'd you. [*to* Plot.

Plot. I thank you Sir, and am your humble Servant. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Aunt.

Au. Well they are Marry'd and the Luſty Knight will to bed in a moment: This ſort of diverſion puts odd fancy's in my head: And ſince young *Fox* is ſo full Gorg'd, he will not ſtoop to the Lure, I will drive the Nayle where it will go. This *Fulham* is a luſty handſom propper Fellow. He is rough and bouſterous, and will quickly humble a Woman, without harkening to Capitulations: Beſides he has a great hand with Sir *Noiſy*: and if he and I ſhould ſet our Horſes together, we could manage him as we pleaſe.

Enter Fulham.

Ful. I juſt parted with Sir *Noiſy*, and drank a Stirrup cup to his good Journey, by this time he's mounted.

Au. I'le warrant you are Sorry you are out of Imployment?

Ful. That might quickly be if you pleas'd. 'Tis merry in the Hall, when Beards wag all; You look too Charming for an Aunt I ſhould have taken you for a Maid.

Au. Sure you think Ten years between my Neice, and me; has wrought ſtrange alterations.

Ful. Your Beauty like the pureſt Gold oft try'd
Does from Loves Furnace riſe more puryfy'd:
While Youth is mixt with follys groſſe allay
Without ſome granes will never paſs in pay.
Like freſh green wood averſe unto Loves fire,
By ſlow degrees is warm'd into deſire;
Whereas as the Jolly well experienc'd Dame,
Pays Love for Love and Triumphs in the Flame.
Youth like the Dog-Star burns beneath the Line,
While riper Years make a more temperate Clime.

And like new Wine inrages boiling Blood,
But when grown fine by Age, grows ſafe and good.

An. Your Reaſon is very Powerful and I am charm'd with your Converſation: Your ſo like my firſt dear Love, that I am raviſht with your Company.

Ful. my heart is inflam'd with your Beauty: this fair opportunity makes a Theif, and I am to blame if I do not plunder a kiſs. [*kiſſes her.*

An. You cannot Robb another of what ſhe is willing to beſtow: I look on you as Sir *Noiſy*'s Friend, and therefore may ſafely commit my Honour into your hands; and I know you Scorn to take this opportunity to be rude.

Ful. Not except you force me to it.

An. Force me then I defy you.

Ful. So I thought. [*aſide.*

An. But I would have you to know, I have hitherto liv'd in the World without Scandall: and will ſpit in any mans Face will offer an unhandſome thing to me.

Ful. Then you are welcome to ſpit in mine, for I muſt make bold.

An. Nay do not be uncivill I charge you in the Kings Name, If you ſhould force me I can hang you.

Ful. That would be but an unkind return to one that vows your ſervice, but if it muſt be come dolefull Death. [*kiſſes her.*

An. I ſee by your Eyes you have ſome wicked deſign upon my Honour, but I will not ſtir one Foot into the next room.

[*Kiſſes her and lays hand of the Chain about her Neck.*]

Ful. Nay hold, now I have you faſt by the Chain you ſhall go, and if you force me to break it, I'le carry it to the Tavern and melt it down for Conſolation.

An. Why you treacherous Villain! you will not make uſe of this advantage to robb me of my Honour? Well I vow I'le be reveng'd.

Ful. If I do not pleaſe you, hang me and ſpare not.

An. Well let the Stars bear witneſs I am Innocent of this Folly, forced like an Ox to the Slaughter, and hamper'd like a Bird in a ſnare. And now I defy your baſeneſs— do your worſt.

Ful. So I will in an honourable way.

An. Nay I vow I'le cry out. Sir *Noiſy*, Sir *Noiſy*, Sir *Noiſy*. I am quite ſpent with Straining my Voice, Oh! thou baſe Fellow! I'le bawl ſo loud the Neighbours ſhall here me, except you ſtop my mouth with your handkerchief.

Ful. I gad and that was well thought off. [*puts his handkercheif in her mouth.*] Now I think I have ſecur'd all and can command you as a Spider does a fly ingag'd in her Cobwebb. Come along Lady. [*She holds the handkerchief in her mouth and crys hum—hum—while he drags her off the Stage by the Chain.*]

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

Act. V.

SCENE, *the Park.*

Enter Lady, *and* Clarinda.

La. I Am well pleas'd with your contrivance to free your ſelf from that Impudent pretender Sir *Noiſy Parrat*, who having got your Fathers Approbation thought to invade and carry you by right of Conqueſt. Parents ſhould ſtrive to win our minds, by fair, and gentle Methods: and not force their Childrens Inclinations like ridged Tyrants.

Cla. But Madam I muſt beg if he ſhould return to plague me, you will lend your aſſiſtance to laugh him out of Countenance?

La. That I will, and ingage if ever he be ſo audacious to return, we will drive him out of the Feild. But my Friend, it will be reaſonable ſince I ſo freely ingage in your Quarrell, you ſhould be my confident and aſſiſt me. I have already had two interveiws with your Brother *Fox* in mask unknown, and by Chance: entertain'd him with all Raillery and freedom. The ſame day he din'd with my Brother and me, I chang'd the Copy of my countenance and receiv'd him with all gravety, he not gueſſing I was the Jolly Lady in the Mask: He told me at my next meeting in the Mask, my face had ſtrangely ſhaken his Conſtancy, and preſt me to diſcover mine by way of Antidote: But I inſiſted I expected a firmer proof of his Conſtancy and obedience, ere I oblig'd him ſo far: and if he ſlighted my Converſation he was at liberty to purſue his Conqueſt upon my Country Rivall: He ſubmitted and vow'd fidelity, and I receiv'd him into Favour: If I find him a man of ſtrict honour and Juſtice, It will ſooner take with me then the ſparkling fancys of an airy Wit. And if he has ingag'd his Inclinations to the Lady in the Mask when he diſcovers me to be the ſame, it will prove a double Conqueſt: I will not doubt you can be unfaithfull to me for the ſake of a Brother when one of the ſame Relation has already vow'd himſelf your Servant. And if I had diſcover'd any unworthy Quality in him I would acquaint you with it, to avoid his pretenſions.

Cla. My heart is now calm and even like a ſtanding water, and I could wiſh it would ſo remain, without the Flux, and Reflux of a paſſionate tyde agitated and driven at the mercy of the winds; ſometimes riſing with the floods of Joy, above the banks of moderation: and afterwards diſcending into the Gulf of Sorrow and diſpair. Fortune chains us Women like Prentices, to the will and humour of our Husbands, who muſt riſe or fall by their care and Management; while the diſtracting cares of Families and Children devides our hearts, and ſpirits us away into remote and diſtant Countrys and

by degrees Supplant that kindneſs which at preſent governs our hearts.

La. The Love I owe my Husband, is a ſeperate duty, and does not interfer with our Freindſhip: which like a chain firmly unites our hearts, whereon the leaſt ſtroak given, is by both ſenſibly felt: Then let us twine our weak defenceles Vines about the armes of two ſtrong Neighbouring Oakes, who ſtill ſhall joyn in Freindſhip to ſupport our Intereſt, and honnour: againſt the Canker of all envious Tongues, where they may flouriſh to our wiſhes and ſtill preſerve our Freindſhip.

Cla. On what a tickliſh ground our happyneſs depends, ſo many cares diſtract our choice, that Labouring fancy ſits down unreſolv'd.

La. Then let our Prudence ſteere the wiſeſt courſe, and leave the reſt to chance. But hold I perceive my Gallant at a diſtance bringing your Brother as a Spye, let's ſhift our walks they cannot Know our habits and I'le inſtruct you further. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Frank, *and* Freindly.

Fra. I beg your pardon I have trayn'd you hither, where I expect to meet a Lady whoſe Wit has much ingag'd me. She brings a Freind or Servant with her, but keeps her face and Character ſtill in the dark, and I would beg when you ſee me accoſt her, you draw the other Mask aſide, and pump out what you can to cleere my doubts of her Condition. I at this interveiw will fix the Matter or break of further Correſpondence, and bring you as a witneſs. Had not I been ingag'd in this blind Buſineſs, I had paid homage to your Siſters Eyes, whoſe Beauty and reſerv'dneſs charm'd me ſtrangly for whom I own a moſt profound reſpect, and cannot make a tender of my Service, while this Intrigue depends.

Frein. Sir you have reaſon in your fair propoſall. I know my Siſters caution, has ſtill preſerv'd her Reputation Spotles: my Freindſhip would not ingage her in a doubtfull matter: when you have cleer'd that point, and ſhall be conſtantly reſolv'd to quit all dangerous rambling: You ſhall command my beſt aſſiſtance.

Fra. Your Freindſhip Sir obliges me—— One of theſe Ladys by her Stature and mein ſhould be her I told you of, but alter'd in her habit.

Enter Lady, Clarinda.

Madam your Servant?

La. Oh Servant, I had much ado to be punctuall to my word this Lady knows: You have oblig'd me with a double favour and brought your Second: this Lady elſe had wanted Converſation. Your pardon Sir, while we diſcourſe apart. [Clarinda *Curtſys to* Freindly *they walk off.*

Manent Lady *and* Franck.

Fra. The Star Light of your Sparkling Diamonds Madam,
Suite your be nighted Vizour.

Remove

Remove that ſhaddow from your ſhining Orb
And chaſe th' *Ægyptian* darkneſs from my heart.
La. I once deſign'd this for my Wedding Garb
Reſolving then to have clear'd every doubt
Making my fortune worthy your acceptance.
But ſince your Jealouſy did not confide
But brought a Freind for a diſcovery,
I will ſuſpend tho' not Caſheir your hopes:
I know your late Intrigue.
Which now is blaſted with an envious Star
And your Adreſſes to the Country Lady,
But you ſuſpend to make a declaration
Till you can make an eſtimate of me.
But while divided Intereſt hunts two Hares,
An accident oft chops to miſs them both.
And if you'le prove a noble generous Lover,
give me your hand, and take me at a Word.
Fra. Though I'me Inchanted with your Wit and Humour,
I dare not make ſo raſh a hood wink'd Bargain.
La. My haſty proffer puts you to a loſs:
But Company draws near to interrupt us,
Let's change our Walk?

Enter Clarinda *and* Freindly.

Cla. Sir you have infinitly diverted me with your diſcourſe, and therefore I muſt beg the favour of your Advice upon ſome Circumſtances which tend to my diſquiet.

Frein. You may command my ſervice.

Cla. I am now upon the ſtroke of Eighteen, and quite tyr'd out with going to morning prayers, where I am continually peſtred with a troubleſome ſort of inſects they call Fops, and Beau's; that infeſt the neighbouring Pews, buzzing about ones Ears, who though they deſpair of the Body, will ſtuddy to deflower Reputation. And therefore I judge it convenient(by way of prevention) to marry out of the way, and having put my Husband into full Poſſeſſion, let him from thenceforward take care of it for his own ſake. For if theſe buſy Fools ſhould lay a train to blow up ones good name, it will be difficult to retrive it, or a Husband, to Juſtify honour and reputation: and at laſt be forc'd to take up with a ſneaking Jealous, one of whom I ſhall have reaſon to be aſham'd: or forc'd to turn Nun and lead Apes in Hell.

Frein. I perceive by your diſcourſe you are in no great likelyhood to fit your ſelf with a Husband ready made, and twill be too late to beſpeake one, you muſt take your Chance.

Cla. You ſpeak like an Oracle: what think you of a ſweet natur'd eaſy Complaiſant Perſon?

Frein.

Frein. Such a fool were a bleſſing, many a Lady would have jumpt at heretofore, and have bidden battle to any would have ſnapt him out of their hands. But it was in times of Yore, when abler men were at hand to ſupply his place. By this means ſhe ſecures to her ſelf the ſole rule and government, and is inſtall'd *Plene-Potentiary*, But ſo abſolute a domination, ſcarcely counterveils the nauſeous trouble and converſation of ſuch an intollerable Coxcomb; who often miſled by evil Counſell, proves an unmanagable beaſt, and like the *Elephant* when he is gauld turns on his own part, trampling down all that oppoſe him.

Clar. But a wiſe woman will govern in publick no more then is reaſonable, and leave his miſdemeanours to a Curtin-lecture in the morning freſh and faſting—But what think you of a brisk airy Spark?

Frein. As a meer dancing ſinging noiſy empty nothing, one that Cuffs the Cuſhion ſo often abroad, he is ſeldom in humour to hold forth at home, But leaves the neglected *Sine Cure* to ſhift for it ſelf; If you rouſe the ſtupid churle with any concern for himſelf, or his eſtate, he ſhuns you like an offended Ghoſtly Father, or a School Boy broke looſe from his book; He ſquanders his favours all over the Town, and is never better pleas'd, then when his Gilting Miſtreſs ſevearly rallys his Orthodox Spouſe, owning him for a fine ſweet natur'd accompliſh'd Gentleman, Oh then ſhe melts his Heart and his Purſe to the laſt Penny.

Clar. What ſay you then to a fine dreſt well ſhap'd *Beau?*

Frein. He was a Fop of the laſt Edition, and finding his Monky antick tricks and Gimmcracks would no longer paſs in his Autumnall Years, reforms his manners and cuſtoms, and ſets up for a ſober formall ill natur'd perſon, frequents the Coffee-houſe and turns a ſnarling Critick, and like old women in rancour and ſpite: turn malitious witches. And conſidering he has miſpent the beſt of his time frequents the Church, Play houſe, muſick meetings and Dancing-Schools to make himſelf a ſaver upon ſome young Giddy-braind Fortune, retires with his wife into the Country, leaſt ſhe ſhould pay his old Scores.

Cla. What ſay yon to a Learned Sot, or a downright Lawyer or a Vertuoſo?

Frein. 'Twould grieve a Lady to be troubled with ſuch a hum drum Studious dunce allways poreing over his Books and forgetting his duty to his own fleſh and Blood: But the drudg is ready, when ſhe is minded to reſort to him for Counſell, manages her caſe *gratis*: If ſhe were not unreaſonable ſhe would not complain of her ſtanding Counſell though ſhe ſcarſe vouchſafes him thanks for his pains, but robs our poor *Peter* of his fees for the ſake of her beloved *Paul.* He is no Fool at the bottom though ſhe often makes him one: He permits her to Rule his Family, and diſpoſe of his movables at pleaſure. If he lives not to long, his Induſtry makes her no looſer by the Bargain.

Cla. You give me no Incouragement to venture with any of the aforeſaid Perſons, let me be beholden to you for your more ſerious directions, how to paſs away this fooliſh tranſitory Life, and keep ſo great a happyneſs as

Love

Love and Freindſhip alive; tho' raked up in the Embers.

Frein. Madam you ſay right, for though love makes a Bon-fire to welcome you home, it will hardly keep the Embers alive to warm us when you go to Bed. The joys and tranſports of love like Lightning dazells us, and then follows the thundring Noiſe of Pekes, Jelouſies, Hopes, Fears, turmoiles, vexations, troubles and diſappointments like the ſucceſſive hot and cold Fit, of a Feavour and Ague, of which women made of a refin'd mold and of a more noble Original and Extraction, are more ſenſible of the jarring diſcords. But how to preſerve ſo great a happyneſs will lye under the direction of a deeper Philoſopher then I can pretend to be. Yet I muſt comply with your Ladyſhips deſires and venture on ſome chance directions a Sketch of a fancy—— Let Beauty, Fortune, a good Wit and diſpoſition concurr in your Choice, which Bleſſings ſingly are but melancholly Company when you are joyn'd for your Lives: Let him be a man of Virtue and Honour of a Steady humour and diſpoſition, not given to be peeviſh or froward, or unreaſonable opinionated hugging himſelf in the chaire of the Scorner. If little quarrells do ariſe give way to each other, and never proſecute them with eagernes and contention, but let the next glaſs of Wine, like a Cup of *Lethe* drown the remembrance. So may your young Love like new Wine not glut and cloy with the ſweetneſs of the firſt Injoyment, but drink the more refin'd pure and ſprightly dureing your Lives, being a continuall Feaſt and Sauce for every days Injoyment.

Enter Lady *follow'd by* Franck *running as affrighted, runs behind* Freindly *to ſave her ſelf from* Franck.

La. Oh ſave me Sir, from this unworthy man!
Whome I came here to meet upon his Letter
Which baſely he diſowns, denys his Vows
And threatnes Vengeance if I give not up
My Solemn Contract under hand and Seale.
But I reſolve to ingage all my Freinds
To Vindicate my Spotles Reputation:
Having renounc'd his honour and his Faith,
And chang'd his fancy for ſome other Beauty.

Fr. Thou baſe unworthy and moſt perjur'd Woman!
Take there your hundred Guinneas your firſt Bribe,
I Scorne the thought of ſuch diſhoneſt practiſe,
And thee the Inventer of ſo groſs a Lye.

La. So here the Letter written with his hand [*gives* Freindly *the letter.*
Kindly Inviting me to meet him here.

Fr. Baſe Forgery and Witchcraft.
My Paſſion ſwells me paſt all bounds of Reaſon! [*Ladys hold of her.*
I'le drown the Hag i'th neighbring Canale.

Frein. Hold Sir I muſt oppoſe your Violence!
Un hand her Sir! [*She runs behind* Freindly *while he looks on the letter.*
This Letter ſeems all written with your hand,

Vouch'd

Vouch'd with a Contract under hand and Seal:
This Ladys Meine appears of Quality
Equall to whatſoever ſhe pretends.
And if your Courtſhip has prevail'd upon her
Redeem your ſoily and now do her right.
Fr. 'Tis not the Rack or Torture ſhould compell me,
It makes me mad to think,
That you ſhould eaſily believe ſo groſs a ſlander.
Friend. I ever will renounce the name of Friend
Where I perceive ſuch baſe and double dealing,
This one diſcovery has made me happy,
Elſe thou wouldſt ſtill have ſhelter'd under Friendſhip
And lurk'd to hide thy baſe intent. Thou Crocadile
That lyeſt in ambuſh for my Siſters Fame
Then feign a tear ore them thy falſhood ruin'd.
Madam you ſhall command my Sword to right you,
And wipe this Stench and Nuſance from the Earth
Since happily I ſaw the Baſſalisk,
I now defy his future machinations:
Draw and defend your life.
Fr. hold Sir! forbear,
Elſe you may act a Miſchief you'l repent
Through heat and paſſion, which I well can clear.
Friend. Men of your ſort are us'd to skin the Soar
And leave the rotten Coar within to feſter,
But I will ſpill that poyſon on the earth
Unleſs you poorly beg your life and pardon.
Fr. That Sir perhaps may prove too hard a Chapter,
My Sword unſheath'd never petition'd yet.
Clar. I'le guard that life you force me to defend——
La. Hold Brother—— [*as they are ready to fight the Siſters unmask*
Clar. Hold—— [*and lay hold of their Brothers——they part*
Fr. Hy! what's here to do? a tryall of skill
And the fair Ladies drawn in as Sticklers to the Quarell.
This threatning Storm
Rais'd by the Magick of the Ladys Eyes!
Is by their Smiles compos'd: When in my own defence
I rais'd my Sword it never could deſign
To peirce that Breaſt: I rather would have dy'd.
Wellcome dear Friend into thy Brothers Armes.
Freind. Wellcome my Friend and Brother:
And pardon Sir this Fooliſh may-gaym quarrell?
La. 'Tis I alone muſt bluſh and beg your pardon:
My falſe pretentions Rais'd this ſudden quarrell,
By this feign'd claym I try'd your Gallant temper
And found you both moſt perfect e'ery way.

I own

I own your worth has juſtly won upon me,
And I had held you longer in ſuſpence
Had not this ſudden Guſt blown of my Mask.
Fra. Then I muſt bleſs that ſtorm your wit has rais'd,
Which hurryed me into ſo ſafe a Harbour.
Madam I beg you will confirm my hopes,
Since wit and Beauty joyn to fan deſire
Who can oppoſe ſuch a reſiſtleſs fire?
La. This do's confirm you Maſter of my Fortune: [*gives him her hand,*
In times of Innocence, [*he kiſſes it.*
E're Subtill heads devis'd long Settlements
And perplext clauſes made things intricate,
One ſingle Turfe convey'd a vaſt Eſtate.
Fra. [*He ſalutes her and ſays,*] This Turf's my tenure,
And I'le ne're quit it untill death depart.
La. I cannot Brother make you a return, [*to* Freindly.
For Intereſting your ſelf in my concern;
Which binds me ever to become your Servant.
This Lady's Eyes have power to reflect
The true Idea of your Gen'rous mind.
Frein. My ſecret Vows have made me long your Servant, [*to* Clarinda.
And been a true devote unto your Shrine:
My Siſter knows my Heart was ſtill your Slave.
La. I know his conſtant and ſincere Affection,
Then let me beg you will accept this hand,
That will preſent a Heart has long ador'd you.
Fra. Siſter if I have power to ſway your mind, [*to* Clarinda.
I beg our Families may be united.
Clar. Should I refuſe, [*to the* Lady.
My ſelf I baniſh from what moſt I Love;
While your Example blindly I obey,
I without thinking give my ſelf away.
Frein. To a diſparing heart this balm is ſure,
Your gracious hand could only worke the Cure. [*kiſſes* Clarinda's *hand.*
Fra. At laſt this lucky quarrell cleer'd the doubt,
Or elſe theſe Forts had many Months held out:
So boyſt'rous waves in high wrought Seas are known
To meet, and kiſs, and preſently grow one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Hall.*

Enter Sir Worldly, Aunt. [*He dreſſing himſelf.*

Sir Wor. You've told me all the ſtory of your Neice,
Which calls a guilty Bluſh into my Cheeks,
But henceforth be to me an utter ſtranger:
The Goods are yours and all the Furniture,

Goe and be Huckſter to an other bargain. [*Exit* Aunt.
I who have long by Wiſdoms Compaſs ſteer'd
Thro' the Rough Seas and threatning Rocks of danger
Into the Ports of Profit, and of Honour;
Find now ſome Remora areſts my Veſſell,
Detaining her againſt the Wind and Currant:
Either the proſperous Gale of Fortune leaves me,
Or I want wit to trim and ſhift my Sayles.
I late was forc'd to pay a heavy Ranſom
For this unlucky head to the Banditty,
And glad I ſcap'd ſo too.
And when my cares, had treaſur'd up my heart
In *Leonora*'s Love was diſapointed;
And when I thought to ſearch all in diſguiſe,
By an unlucky chance or cloſe deſigne
Was Spirited on Shipboard.
At my return I found my Miſtreſs marry'd
By the Contrivance of my Son—— ſhould I reſent it
As I have Reaſon, I muſt then Revenge it:
And my Revenge is blunted by my Nature,
Or my devided houſe muſt drop to peeces.
I muſt forgive his faults or raiſe a Scandall
On my paſt Actions.
Pardon his Clemency who puniſh'd my Purſe,
And had it in his power to uſe me worſe.

To him Enter Lady, Franck, Freindly *and* Clarinda.

Fra. I kneel to ask your pardon: I would not preſume
Had not this Lady joyn'd in the requeſt
In hopes that you will grant your free Conſent,
To make us happy. [*The Lady going to kneel he ſtops her.*
Sir *Worl.* Madam I muſt prevent you,
Unleſs you'le make me kneel for Company:
I give my full conſent to your deſires,
And pardon all offences of this Boy.
Riſe Sir, and I pray heaven to make you happy.
Lady. I us'd to plead ſome intereſt in your favour
And pray,
That as our Family has ſtill been joyn'd
In Freindſhip —now you will Unite their Love,
In this my Siſter and my Brother *Freindly.*
Sir *Worl.* Madam you Raviſh me with this good News,
And now my Girl has choſen with my Eyes.
I with all four may ever prove moſt happy. [*he kiſſes them all.*
My heart is ſwell'd and pent in narrow bounds,
As mighty tydes meeting Lands Floods of Joy,
O're flow the Banks and with exceſs deſtroy.

I muſt

I muſt retire a while. [*Exit Sir* Worldly.

Fra. I know my Fathers infinitly pleas'd
But time muſt worke it to his ſatisfaction,
And calme the troubles rais'd within his breaſt.
I ſaw the *Aunt*,
That told him of Sir *Noiſy*'s Marriage,
With his young Wife.

La. I know that whole Intrigue, by a ſtrange chance, and that ſhe's bound to you for her Advancement: I'le never think you worſe for your good Nature, and putting of old houſehold ſtuff to beſt advantage.

Fra. For faults are paſt I humbly beg your pardon.

Enter Plot.

Plot. Sir *Noiſy* and his Lady, and other Freinds are without to wait on Sir *Worldly*.

Fra. It is his vanity to ſhow his pretty Wife I'le out and introduce 'em. *Exit.*

To them Enter Sir Noiſy, *his Lady*, *Aunt*, Scaredevil, Fulham, Plot *and other Servants.*

Sir *Noiſ.* I brought my Wife to wait on Sir *Worldly*, a young Innocent Fooliſh harmleſs Girle whom I intend to breed up in my houſe in the Country, and inſtruct her to carry her ſelf in Company: She has no skill in the Minuet, and Sings but one tune that I have taught her: Poor Soul ſhe cannot mannage a Bottle decently with a Freind, nor has not confidence to—— make the Glaſſes claſh in Chorus. [*aſide.* That's a bitter Bob for ſome body. I have no relliſh for theſe Learned Ladys that know the nicety of Rules, which make Women poſitive and preremptory, and as reſty to all mannagement as a headſtrong horſe: who having once got the Bit between his Teeth runs away with a man to the Devil. I'me for breaking a young filly till I can ſteer her with a twine thread.

Fra. But your Lady looks as if ſhe had good naturall parts, I dare ſware her ready Genius will improve upon your Inſtruction, and quickly play her leſſon upon ſight. I wiſh you all happyneſs, tho' I cannot ſo well digeſt your Croſs-biting me of my Miſtreſs.

Sir *Noiſ.* Dear *Frank*, I always deſire to hold a fair Coreſpondence with thee, and am an humble Servant to theſe Fair Ladys.

Fra. to Lady *aſide.*] I was forc'd to humble the Fool or he would have Top'd us all and grown rampant.

La. Sir *Noiſy*, I will wiſh your Lady Joy—— Madam your humble Servant?

Leo. I thank you forſooth. [*they goe to the other ſide of the Stage.*

La. Pretty Innocence. [Leo. *turns her back to the Stage.*

Leo. Madam I dare not pay you what reſpect is due in outward ſhow:
But my heart is your Slave.
And having Shipwrack'd by my Folly
I am by chance redeem'd from utter ruine:
Oh I could weep with tears of joy and grief,
For my good Fortune oweing to his Friendſhip,

And looſing him whom I held once ſo dear.

La. But now your Freind is turn'd into my husband.

Leo. I wiſh you Joy, and that they ne're may proſper
Would wiſh to diſoblige ſo good a Lady.

La. I am acquainted with your ſtory, which ſtill lies here conceal'd: I wiſh your conduct may redeem your faults, and well attone what's paſt, and for my ſake accept this Ring a pledge of Freindſhip.

Leo. Madam you honour me.

Enter Sir Worldly.

Sir *Worl.* This day has crown'd my Joys, and here I bid adeiu to Love and Vanity. Sir *Noiſy* you are welcome ſo is your Lady, you are the greateſt Strangers—— Son *Freindly*, I Settle Ten Thouſand pounds upon your Marriage, and will not ſtint my hand as you are kind unto *Clarinda*. To you my Son I give your mothers whole Eſtate for preſent mantenance, and the remainder at my Death. And now my thoughts are fixt upon my Children, who are my joy and hopes: I cannot now ſeperate your Intereſts. Whoſoever makes me firſt a Grandfather I give a Thouſand pound.

Plot. Sir *Noiſy* has brought ſome men of Art to entertain you with a Dance, if you pleaſe to ſit.

A Dance.

Sir Worldly *comes forward on the Stage.*

Sir *Worl.* My Folly has convinc'd me of this Rule,
Young men Inſtruct, while oid Fops go to School.
I own with Shame what I have oft been told,
That of all fools there's none can match the Old.

FINIS.

This Song is Repeated by Sir *Noisy Parrat* with great Admiration, and after Sung. In the Second Act. page 17.

I.

THou Life of all the Sun whose Grace
Enlightens this fair Hemesphere,
Where Noblest Beautys fainter rays
Like Stars by day-light disappear.

II.

Thou Miracle with Heavenly Fire
Doest kindle Love in every heart,
In whom the Graces do conspire
Joyn'd with the Muses utmost art.

III.

My Wit is dazled with thy Eyes,
My heart is ravish'd with thy Voice;
Lend me Loves wings that I may rise
Not by my merrit, but thy choice.

Second Song in the same Page.

I.

Man. *I took the faithless Callow from the Nest*
And Nurst thee in my Breast,
Taught thee the grounds and notes to Chirp and Sing,
But when thou felt'st the Spring
Thou didst dispise my Care unkindly Roame
Abroad regardless of my Love, neglecting home.

II.

Woman. *For all thy care and kindness past 'tis true*
Grave Sir, my thanks are due;
But thou design'st to slave me as a Wife,
And Cage me for my Life:
Beauty for loysters Nature did not meane,
While ev'ry bush presents a brisk young Valentine.

III.

Man. *Thy Vows assur'd me and our hands did joyn,*
Thou ever wouldst be mine,
That no seducing Bird of Song or Prey,
Should Spirit thee away,
I claym thee as my right, thou Pearl of price;
Purchas'd with all my Stock my lovely Paradice.

Woman.

IV.

Woman. *'Twas man grown falſe, or weake that firſt did plot*
To knit this Gordian Knot,
By Tyrant Cuſtoms ſtrive to fetter Love,
Whoſe Nature is to rove:
When fancys glutted, Birds freſh mates may chooſe,
Yet none are ſham'd, divorc'd, or wealthy Joyntures looſe.

V.

Urge Conſtancy no more, thoſe feeble tyes
Availe not to the Wiſe,
Who would a Coſtly Veſſell rig or trim
Never to let her Swim.
My Inclination bids me wildly range,
And love in every Port, to barter and exchange.

A Sea SONG.

Made by an Unknown Perſon.

ONe hand up a loft
Swab the Coach for and aft
For the Punch Councell ſtrait will be ſitting,
For fear the Ship rowle
Sling up a full Bowle
For their Honours let all things be fitting,
In an Ocean of Punch to Night we'le all Sayle
In a Bowle, whereof Sea room we never can faile.

Chorus. With full double Cups, we'le liquour our Chops
And then trim the Sayls with a hoe up hoe,
But we'le drink e're we goe, we'le drink e're we goe.

The Winds veereing aft
Then looſe e'ry Sayle
She'le bear all her Top-ſayles a trip,
Heave the Log from the Poop
It blows a freſh gale,
And a juſt Account on the board keep,
She runs you Eight knots, that's Eight cups to my thinking,
That's a cup for each knot ſhould be fild for our drinking.

Here

Here Meſſe Mate. Thanks Skipper.
'tis a Health to the King.
While the Starrboard watch drinks, let the Larrboard watch Sing.
Heres to thee Peter. *Thanks honeſt* Jo.
About let it go.
In our Bowle ſtill a calm is how e're the Winds Blow.

The Quarteere muſt cun
While the fore maſt man ſteers,
Each health to the Port where tis bound,
Who belayes 'till tis a Brimmer
Is drub'd at the Geeres
And the Health of each we muſt ſound.
To our Noble Commander his honour and health,
Let him drown and be dam'd refuſes the health.

What news on the Deck hoe
It blows a meer Storm
She lyes a try under the Miſſen,
Why what if ſhe do
Will it be any harm
If one Bumper more does us all reaſon.
The Bowle muſt be freed boys, in ſpite of the weather,
Yea, yea,—— huzah, let us all haule together.

Chorus. With full &c.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *Lassells*.

WHat diffring designes we Women lay
She to avoid, and I to snap the Prey:
Virtue, and Fortune, makes her Luster great:
Raising that Value, I but counterfeit:
We hold our Sexes Charter by deceipt,
The Pious seeming Saint proves oft a Cheat:
Why should you grutch, if an old battred Lover
Pass for a Maid, in a fresh guilded cover?
For what e're trips she makes, she ne're miscarrys,
But proves a perfect Virgin when she marrys,
Our Fop by seeming Innocence is caught,
Few Eagle eyes, discern so nice a fault,
And while his roughness Ravishes a kiss,
We seem transported at the unknown Bliss.
Methinks I hear Pride and ill natwre Cry
Why is sin blest, and scandall rais'd so high,
Out brass'ning Beauty Birth and Quality:
How many wandring Rovers, chance does fix,
From humble Pattens rais'd to Coach and Six.
Faith 'tis not worth your thoughts, for as some say
The world is but a Stage, our life a Play:
Why should We be astonisht at the matter
If Strowling Miss mounts on our Proud Theatre.
Now we should Court your favour to our Play,
And Pardon for our Authours first Essay,
Hopeing this Rugged Bench wont prove severe
To his first fault, let him for once go Cleer:
In doubtfull durance Pensive he remains,
Till your good pleasure shall strike of his Chains:
And Sirs if this a maiden session proves,
Let us alone to fit you all with Gloves.

The End.